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Vol. CXLI No. 1849 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — JUNE 29 1935

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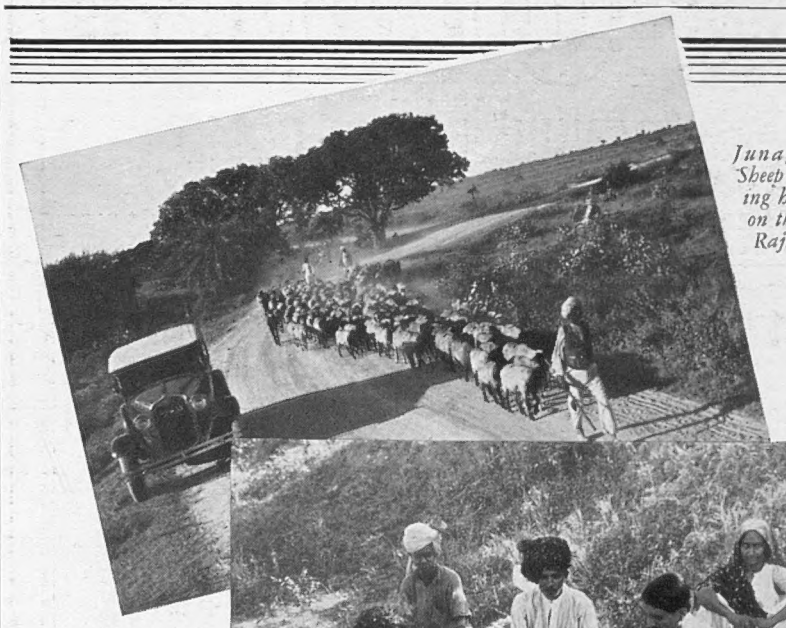

Junagad State, Sheep herder leading his flock home on the Junagad-Rajkot Road.

Junagad State, Kathiawaris packing custard apples along the roadside.

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, June 29, 1935

Picture by Charles E. Brown

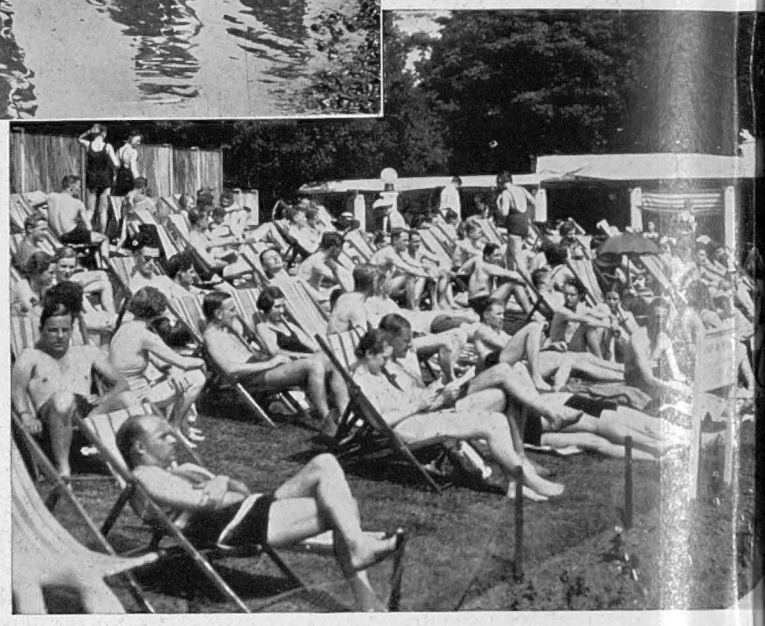
The Air Arm Demonstrates at Hendon

Bristol Fighters Rehearsing for the R.A.F. Display

The Hendon Air Pageant which is being held to-day (Saturday) may vary only slightly from year to year but, whatever the weather, it is a never failing attraction for many thousands of Londoners, and ranks with Ascot and Wimbledon as one of the outstanding events of the season. The 1935 display is almost sure to draw a record crowd for the R.A.F. is now entering on a period of unexampled expansion, and the public interest in the force is for this reason probably greater than it has ever been before. In this striking picture Bristol fighters of No. 3 Squadron are seen carrying out rehearsals for their exhibition of aerobatics with smoke which is one of the most spectacular items in a highly interesting programme

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d. Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

JUNE MAKES AMENDS: After the cold and wet of the first three weeks of the month, the greater part of England enjoyed real summer weather throughout last week-end and for many hours London experienced temperatures of between 76 and 81 degrees. This picture, taken just above Lambeth Bridge and the Houses of Parliament, shows children and horses having a cooler in the Thames



BATHING AND SUNBATHING: A typical scene on Saturday afternoon whe ming pools—many enjoying their first dip of the season in ideal condition the Roehampton Club, which now has many new amenities and must b open-air spor

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, June 26, 1935.

A BENEFIT TO WORLD PEACE?—Last week appeared to give evidence that Mr. Baldwin's new administration had started on the crest of a wave of reaction in the stormy seas of European politics. Without deferring to, without even warning France, we concluded a "permanent and definite" naval agreement with Germany, under which Germany's tonnage is fixed at 35 per cent. of our own, except for submarines, which might reach 45 per cent. France expressed a great deal of concern, and hastened to make one telling point: Such an agreement is a clear abrogation of the Treaty of Versailles, following a joint expression of determination by Britain and France—no longer ago than February—not to suffer a repudiation of Part V. of the Treaty. France awaited and enjoyed the visit of Mr. Eden (to explain the inexplicable) with calmness, cordiality, and optimism. Mr. Eden went on to Rome, his hands and portfolio full. In Britain comment was restrained. The naval expert journalists made two points:—

(a) The North Sea will become once more a strategic area of great importance and Scapa and Rosyth may have to be put into commission once more.

(b) British naval policy will as a result need root-and-branch revision in view of the increasing naval strength of all the naval powers, including Germany.

Britain's chief comment on the agreement threw doubt on its "permanence and definiteness." If other naval powers decided on a race for armaments through fear of Germany's newly acknowledged right to increase her navy, Britain might have to follow suit and Germany must naturally conform to complete the vicious circle. The British Government, on the other hand, spoke brave words of hope and expressed the view that its new agreement with Germany would greatly assist towards general naval disarmament. Unless Mr. Eden possesses even more wizardry than he is credited with, or unless France has undergone a change of heart with her changing ministries, these are brave words indeed. There is a long row to hoe (and the need for a master weed-killer) before we can grind the corn of our promised harvest. At the beginning we found America supporting our view, Russia pessimistic, France showing on the whole unexpected restraint and courtesy, Italy sitting wisely on the fence, and Germany rather tactlessly jubilant and inclined to ascribe it all to Hitler's genius for statesmanship. It all turns on whether France will recognize that Britain is no longed tied to her apron-strings and will accept, as we have done, the stark fact that the armaments clauses of the Treaty are dead and buried. If she will do so, the way may be clear for the vital air-pact for Western Powers.

YOUTH IN THE MINISTRY.—Six Conservatives and one National Labour complete the Junior Ministerial posts. Their average age works out at about forty-five. Colonel Muirhead and Mr. K. Lindsay are the "outsiders" placed. Captain Wallace, Captain Crookshank, Mr. Hudson, and Lord Stanley were everybody's spots for promotion. Sir Victor Warrender is the good boy who pulls out the plum of the undersecretaryships — the white-headed boy. Colonel Muirhead gained his spurs under Mr. Elliott. He is popular and efficient. Mr. Kenneth Lindsay gloriously won Kilmarnock two years back and has forged ahead as a debater and a sound critic, especially in the field of social services. Captain Wallace has earned his promotion for his report on the depressed areas and for general charm and efficiency throughout his career in Parliament. Captain Crookshank has his name made by his rare tact and great resource, and Mr. Hudson has shown considerable administrative ability in the Labour Ministry. A "little bill" (all to himself) will create for Lord Cranborne a new undersecretaryship for League of Nations affairs under Mr. Eden. He deserves this creation of a portfolio out of no portfolio. Under Mr. Baldwin it is "on, Stanley, on" for the Stanleys—and the Stanleys are hard workers and "born legislators." There was the same "confusion of Stanleys" in the Governments of 100 years ago. The party "ratio" is maintained practically unchanged at thirty-eight Conservative to seven Labour and seven Liberal supporters of National Government.

THE LATE LORD FITZMAURICE.—The Whig tradition, of which Bowood and Lansdowne House were famous cradles, died hard. Both the late Lord Lansdowne and his brother, Lord Edmond, were Whigs at heart. They were liberal-minded and had the courtesy and good manners of the great days. Many good Whigs became good Liberals, but the Irish Home Rule question split the Liberal Party in '86. Lord Lansdowne became a Unionist, Lord Edmond remained a Liberal. Lord Edmond was a fine scholar. After leaving Cambridge, he sat for Calne—where Bowood is—for many years, and later for Cricklade. He was twice Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs; under Gladstone and later, in 1905–8, when he was made a peer, and found himself "opposite" his brother. He specialized in foreign affairs. He was far more literary than his more famous brother and wrote biographies of Shelburne and of Granville. Indeed, he was one of those pioneers who came in for the scorn of the Strachey school which borrowed from and contemned the "two-volume biographies." "And where," Lord Fitzmaurice quietly commented, "would they have been without us?" Where indeed? At Bradford, near Bath, he lived out his years, as happy as his health and nature allowed, the admired centre of a circle which included many young people of both sexes who enjoyed his conversation and anecdote and his fine and practical sympathy.

LORD CARSON.—Lord Carson's gallant fight for life is typical of the man and earns our admiration as well as our sympathy. The breed of Ulsterman is very strong, the type unmistakable. And Lord Carson is a prototype. I doubt whether our Empire has a breed of men comparable with this. It seems to combine so many qualities which make for predominance if not always pre-eminence. All the hard-headedness of the Yorkshireman, all the courage of our race, the nimble wit of the Irish, often the imagination of the Celt, and the brains, and energy of the best of our breeds. Sometimes the resulting fusion of elements shows truculence, roughness, hardness, and narrowness on the surface. Sometimes the Ulster man appears lacking in sympathy and humanity. Lord Carson is a specimen finely compounded. His truculence is gentled with wit, his occasional roughness is suddenly softened with a touch of sympathy. He has indeed most of the best qualities of the Irishman and the Englishman and the Scot. I used to love to listen to him in the Law Courts. He could be terrible when a liar or a mean rogue faced him in the box. And he could be tersely and wittily destructive. They record his opening in cross-examining a peculiarly nasty plaintiff, who stood in the witness-box self-confident, cockahoop and conscious of his virtue.

"Do ye dhrink"?

"That's *my* business, Sir Edward."

"Have ye any other-r business?"

In the end it was a very deflated balloon that left the box. Lord Carson is a born story-teller, and many peers find their duties in the House of Lords sweetened by his presence in the library or smoking-room. Listening to his stories convinces one of a truth which should be widely known that the ancedote is nothing, the moment and method of telling it everything. Whenever he comes in, the peers gather round him and hang on his words. I have heard Carson's stories, repeated red hot, fall flat as pancakes from other lips. It is the Ulsterman's accent, the austerity and strength of his features, the fierceness of his eyes and nose, the truculence of his chin, which seem to command the audience's attention, and compel it to tremble with awe or shake with laughter.

THE BRITISH LEGION IN BERLIN.—It is not yet a *fait accompli* that the British Legion will send over a big party to Germany to bury, in the company of the men they fought, any hatchet which may remain above ground. That they should do so seems reasonable enough; that any difficulty or objection can exist seems at first sight unlikely. As long ago as 1918–19, when British troops entered Cologne, every vestige of bitterness was gone when the recent foes met. Can I ever forget that first Sunday in Cologne, not long after the Armistice, when British and German soldiers stood together in the pews of the great Dom during an evening service? No, it was unforgettable as a scene and as a lesson. What bitterness there may be was engendered not by war but by peace, not by fighting but by treaty-making and post-war propaganda. The idea has been fastened on the Prince; the Prince attributes it to Lord Jellicoe. Between them (with all respect to those Labour members who dragged the Prince's name in, in Parliament) they struck a note which Britain and Germany found harmonious and sweet. And ambassadors are now in Germany exploring the avenues. What is likely to block them? What could be more innocent, obvious, and reasonable? I suppose the French Press may say some caustic things and a few Gallic mono-maniacs read into the proposal sinister proofs of our Government's vacillating policy in Europe. If they do so, I trust we shall not pay any attention. There is nothing new in the interchange of visits between British and German ex-Service men. I conceive there must be in Germany a good many thousand ex-Service men who are neither roaring pagans, nor Jew-baiters, nor sabre-rattlers, who will enjoy a crack about battles long ago and an exchange of views on modern life and its difficulties.

The gods and the imps and the urchins can seldom have enjoyed a heartier laugh. "Lord, what fools these mortals be!" As for the men, they wore the clothes they have worn for two generations, but it was noticeable that the grey topper (now made in light weight for a few shillings) had knocked out the black silk to 100—1.

LORD'S TRANSFORMED.—The efficiency of the management of Lord's Cricket Ground is nowhere more strongly exemplified than in the latest structural improvements. The old lawn tennis court, abutting on the tennis court, is once more transformed, as a memorial to Lord Harris. The change is extraordinary. The amount of light and air let in is quite surprising and the paved walks and smooth lawns make a really beautiful foreground to the border of tulips and other flowers which back on the admirable memorial wall. Then as to the new stand on the right of the pavilion for members and friends. The modern cantilever stand cannot hope to be beautiful. But this new stand is, from immediately in front and behind, as neat and shapely as possible and, after examining it from many points and for efficiency, I pronounce it an admirable piece of work. Looking back on the improvements made at Lord's since my youth I find nothing but praise to record. The place grows in charm, grace, and convenience every year. If only the wicket allowed more cricket to be played. . . . . Surely, surely the sun will now shine on and suffer us to have a real test of strength with South Africa and to enjoy a finished game of cricket as it should be enjoyed.

THE SUN FESTIVAL.—Summer came at last for the week-end, just in time to give a fillip of hope to the great fortnight of the London Season in the field of sport, just in time to revive our damped enthusiasm for Wimbledon, Muirfield, and Lord's. We have been expecting this bright herald since he showed a leg under the dingy curtain on May 6, and we have got heartily sick of the delays entailed by an opening performance. Things look better at last; the damp is being drawn up again from the turf, and the green spaces at least are emerald green. Will Perry go to Slazengers' (Australia) still British champion as well as amateur? Or will Crawford, Borotra, Henkel, or Wood give back the blue ribbon to their countries? And will Miss Round do it again? Certainly Mrs. Moody has gone out in the betting but she needs practice. And there are certain "dark" mares and fillies. In torrid weather Wimbledon (No. 55) opened its doors to the fans with a bouquet of fireworks. Young McGrath of Sydney, in thrilling attack and counter-attack and many shifts of chance, snatched a victory from Allison, America's No. 1. Borotra's game with Henkel was also very exciting, and showed Henkel to be a coming champion. All the seeded players engaged, with the exception of Allison, came through, I. G. Collins falling to Boussus sadly early in the tournament. You cannot beat the men's singles as a Wimbledon appetiser and there has seldom been a better mixture before the great feast. As for the "Open," Cotton is holder and expects most trouble from the American Picard. But golf is even more "open" than lawn tennis. England should not lose the Test at Lord's, though the Lord's wicket is always a note of interrogation. If the weather holds up, the result will probably be indecisive. I would this year prefer sunshine to results and blue skies to blue ribbons.

A BEST-SELLER IN LONDON.—Dr. Axel Munthe is again in London, meeting his friends. Every time his name appears in the news it revives in my mind the unanswerable question "What makes a best-seller?" What incalculable combination of ingredients makes *this* book appeal to every type and kind of reader, and 'tother book, perhaps as apparently interesting, as patently well written, appeal to but one class. What author can analyse for his profit *The Story of San Luis Michele* or *The Bridge of San Rey* and discover the proportions and ingredients in that recipe? For this is certain, that *San Michele* and *San Luis Rey* were not *obviously* attractive to that "wider public" which "reads for recreation" novels and detective fiction, and follows fashion, having no particular discrimination itself. Yet these books could not have been the successes they were unless that wider public swallowed the bait and found it satisfying. *San Michele* was never boosted, moreover. It was heralded with no publisher's catcalls. It was never announced as a super-masterpiece before publication. It simply—percolated quietly into its place in the literature of this country. Why? If any one could supply the answer, he would be in a position to rehabilitate the deplorable plight of the book trade to-day. I was reading last week Mr. Faber's *A Publisher Speaking*. It seemed to me he put very clearly and fairly the difficulties and dangers that lie in the present state of "vicious circle."

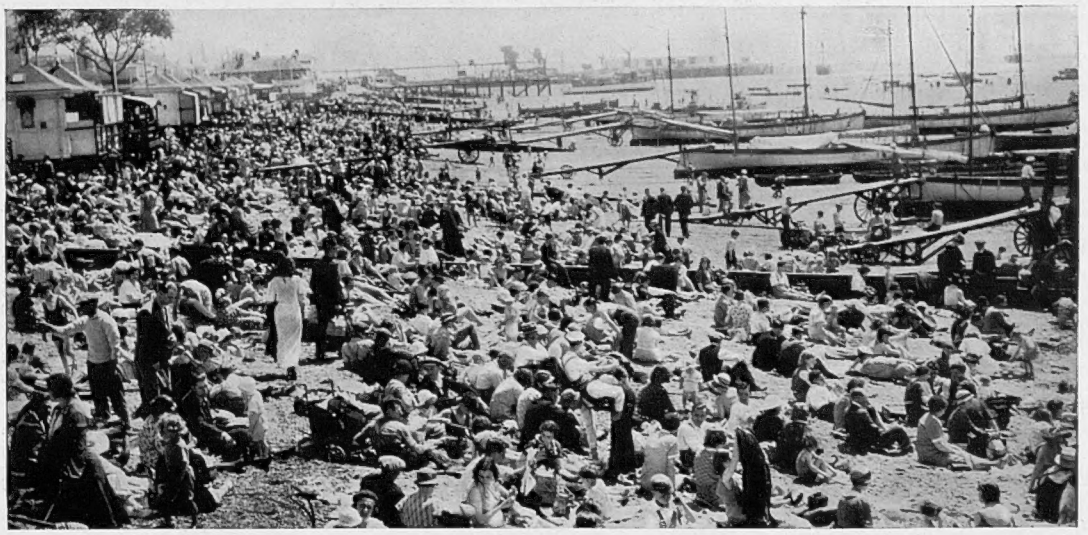
COBBETT ON INDIA.—The centenary of Cobbett's death on Waterloo Day, 1835, was well advertized in the Press of London ("the Wen," as he called it), and locally round his native place, Farnham. In his rough, uncompromising, effective manner he stood for many things which even 100 years ago seemed to be perishing from uncontrolled industrialisation. "Old England," old country life, village life, farming—such were his main planks, and he fought for them like a bruiser. He was better with his pen than with his tongue, for in Parliament he had no "sense of decency," and no great consistency of opinion. But the ex-sergeant, journalist, farmer, and politician had all the common sense of a typical John Bull, and some of his utterances still strike like a hammer blow on the ears of partisans in our own questions of the hour. Here is a letter he wrote to Creevey in 1809. ". . . I have thought a good deal about the affairs of India and, as you must have perceived, I look upon that 'Empire' (as the imprudent and the foolish call it) as one of the great, one of the cardinal, curses of the country. I should very much like to see the cheat exposed to the public . . . " And this is his opinion of the law of libel (criminal) before Lord Campbell's Act. "You owe your present trouble (Creevey had recently been convicted of libel) to . . . the damnable doctrine that 'truth is a libel.'" A useful, uncompromising, common-sense publicist is of value in every age, if only to keep Ministers awake.

THE OLD STAGER.

ondoners thronged the swim- hese two pictures were taken at egarded as London's premier entre

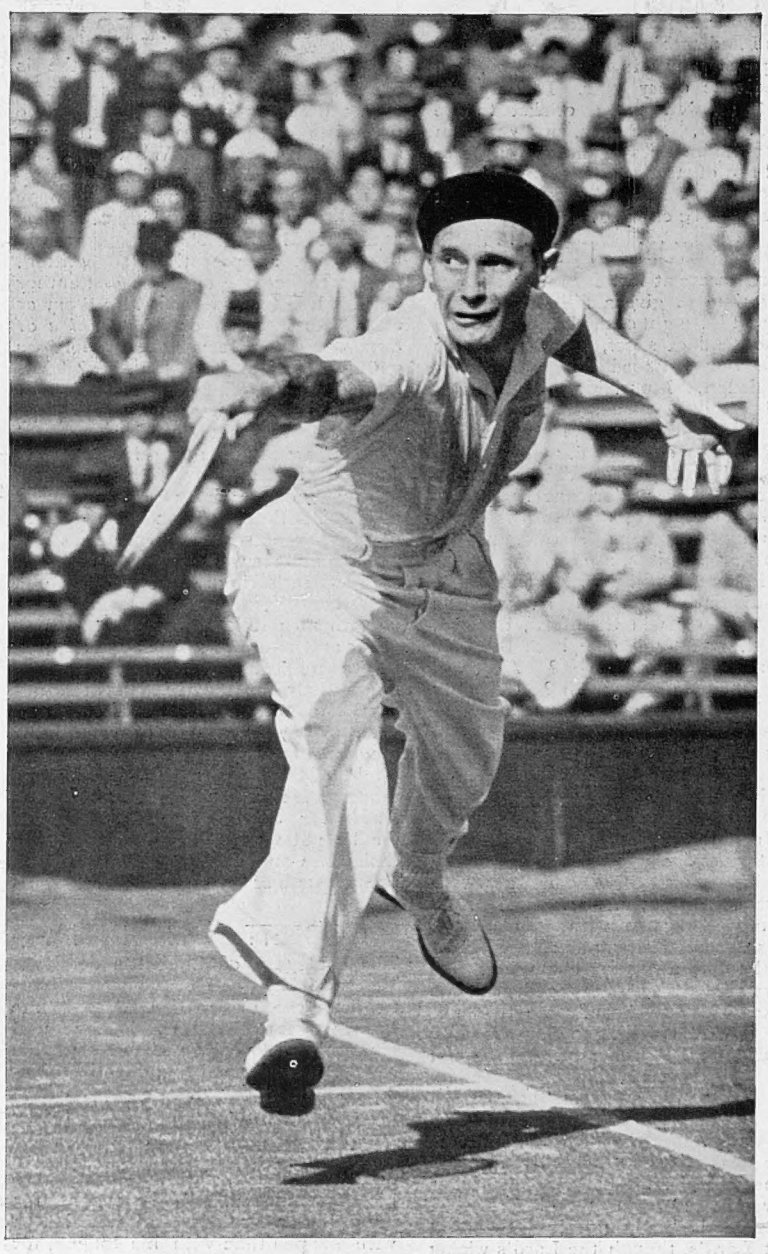
EXODUS TO THE SEA-SIDE: An impression of the vast throng at Waterloo Station last Saturday morning when thousands left to spend the week-end at the various South Coast resorts

ASCOT HATS.—The courage of women, where clothes are concerned, is proverbial and needs no remark. Not this diabolical June's early record nor the Jeremiads of Broadcasting House deterred them from displaying their expensive creations in the gleams and patches that punctuated rain and mist at Ascot. Of their clothes, no man, except a man-milliner, is qualified to speak. Of their hats the ignorant male may be allowed to make a clumsy catalogue. In one expensive rood of green turf, barred against the vulgar, one might observe:—(1) The saint's halo. (2) The spider's web. (3) The discus. (4) The cartwheel. (5) The mushroom. (6) The "paper boat." (7) The vase. (8) The boater. (9) The pork pie. (10) The "Georgiana Duchess." (11) The white feather. (12) The jockey cap. These were superimposed indiscriminately on Eton jackets, fur coats, Victorian frills and flounces, long cloaks, short cloaks, lace, cotton, silk, muslin, chiffon, and cloth.

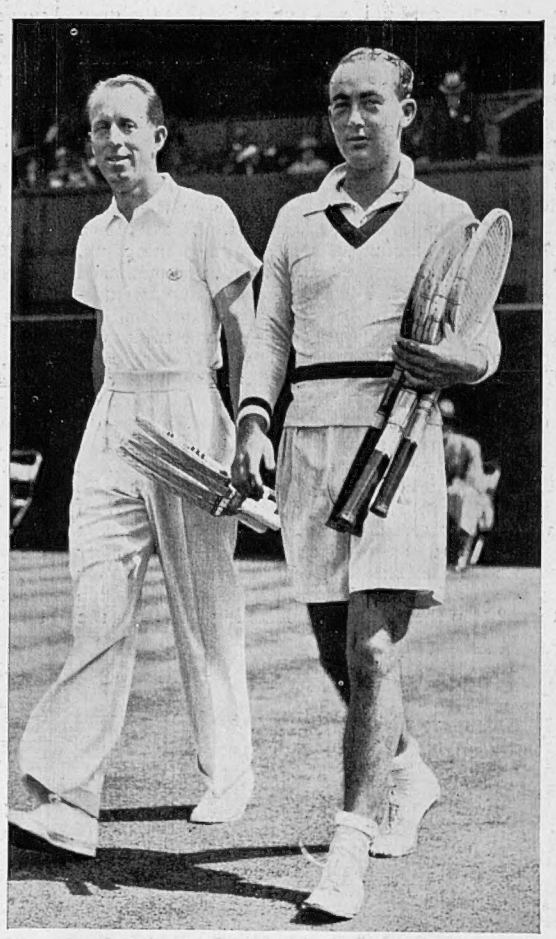


SUN-DAY AT SOUTHEND: Holiday-makers, week-enders, and day-trippers revelling in the brilliant sunshine. It was so hot that bathing continued until long past midnight, while between 8 and 10 in the evening it was estimated that there were almost as many people on the beach as there had been at mid-day

WIMBLEDON BEGINS:

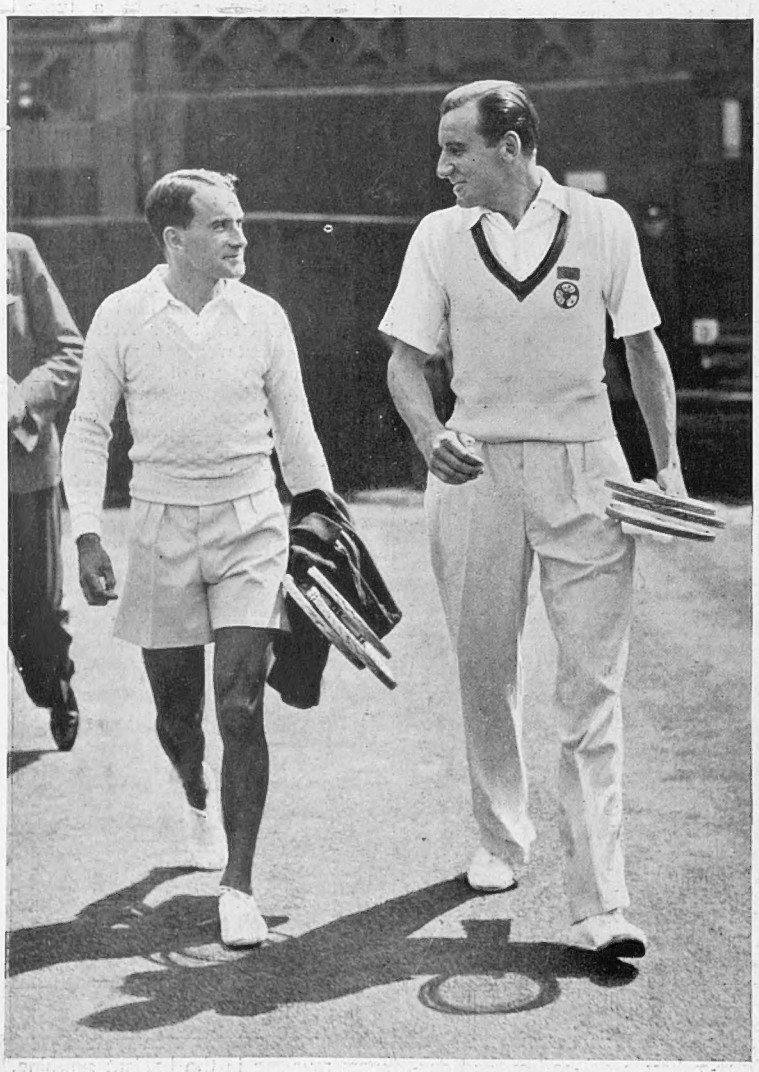


A VETERAN IN BRILLIANT FORM: Jean Borotra, who won the championship nine years ago, in play against H. Henkel, the promising young German Davis Cup player, whom he defeated in a thrilling five-set match on Monday, the first day of the Wimbledon Meeting. Henkel, it will be remembered, recently beat J. H. Crawford by 2—6, 6—3, 9—7, 4—6, 6—4, and Vivian McGrath by 4—6, 6—2, 6—0, 6—2



A TITANIC STRUGGLE: W. L. Allison, the American seeded player, and V. B. McGrath, the Australian, going on to the centre court for their match on Monday, which the latter somewhat surprisingly won in four sets. The score was 6—4, 6—3, 7—9, 7—5

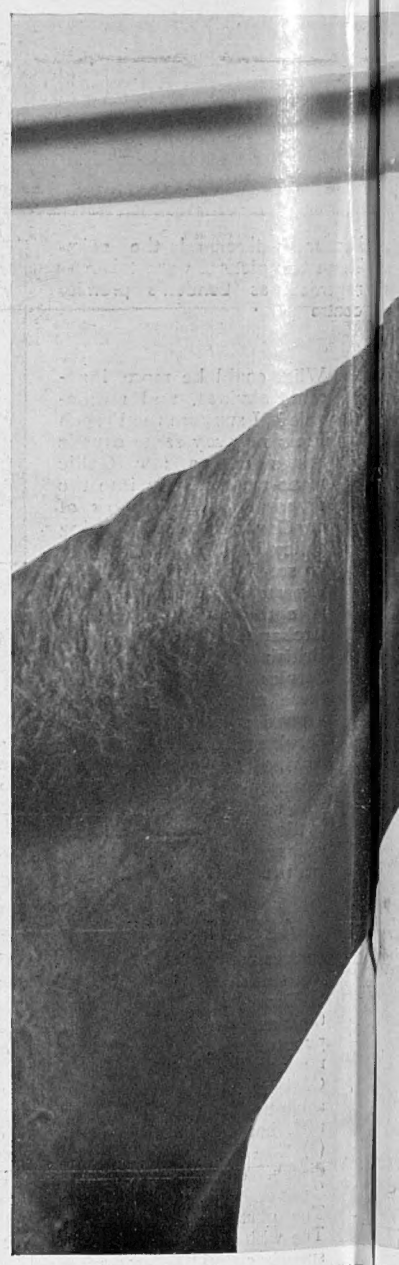
SILVER TONGUED: Miss E. W. Cain (*left*), declared the winner of the contest suitable voice for recording and employed for informing telephone E. D. Atkinson, who was chosen



THE CHAMPION AND HIS FIRST ROUND OPPONENT: F. J. Perry with M. Rainville (*left*), the leading Canadian player, whom he accounted for in three sets (6—1, 6—1, 6—3) without being troubled unduly. The latter, in spite of the heat, continued to wear his sweater throughout the match

A NOTABLE SPECTATOR ON THE OPENING DAY: Mrs. Wills-Moody chatting with a friend outside the Centre Court. On Tuesday she met Mlle Baumgarten of Hungary, whom she beat with ease by 6—0, 6—1

TETE-A-TETE: Jean Borotra with Miss Bingham, daughter of the United States Ambassador, at the dinner given at the Royal Automobile Club, Pall Mall, by the International Lawn Tennis Club of Great Britain



THE STAR ATTRACTION AT THE Alexandra Stakes at Ascot six brilliant career on the turf, who the University College Hospital for

And other Outstanding Events of the Week in Pictures

...f the Victoria Exchange, London, who was ...un by the Post Office to discover the most ...ising on the "talking clocks" which will be ...ubscribers of the time. She is seen with Mrs. ...y ballot as the perfect telephone subscriber

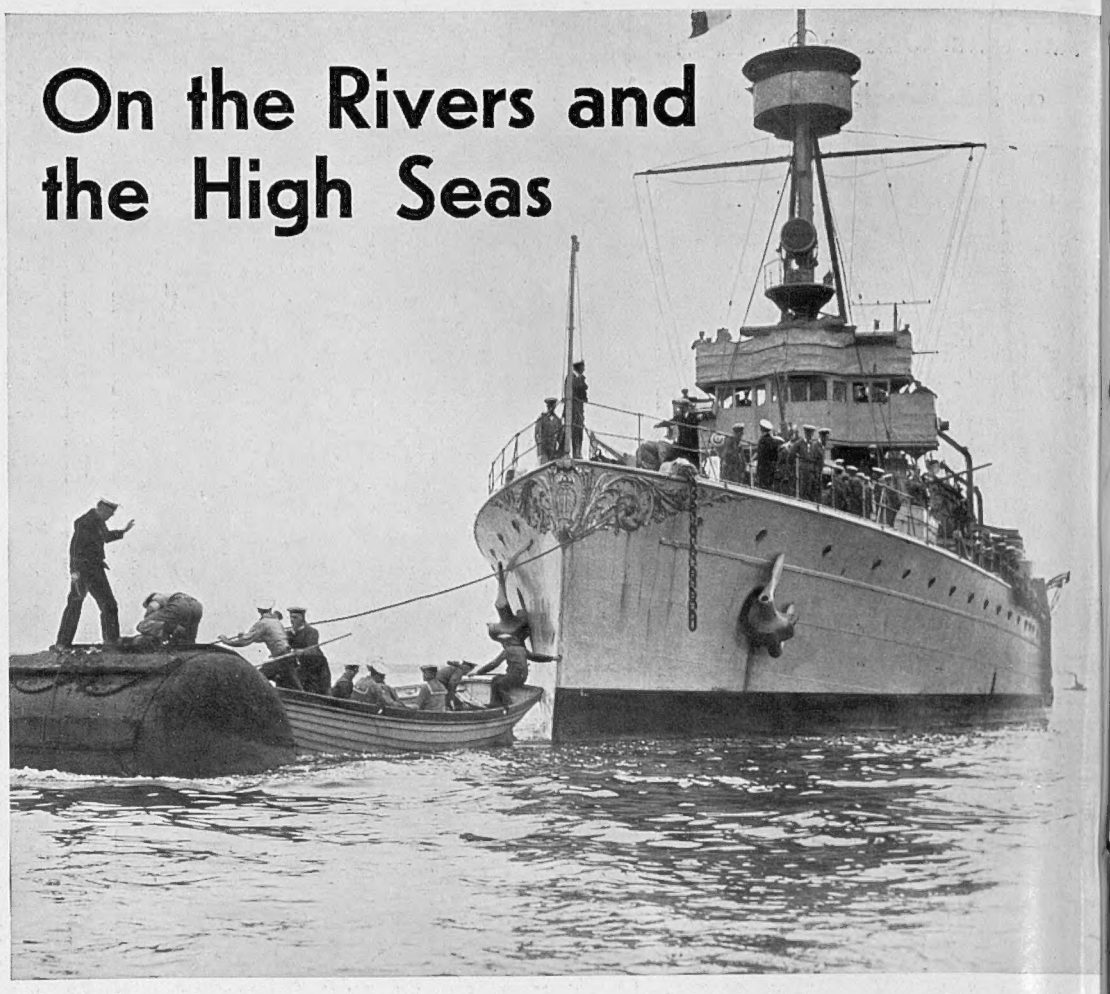
SAMPLING HIS OWN WARES: Maurice Chevalier, who is starring in *Stop Press* at the Adelphi, photographed outside the ice-cream tent which he was in charge of at the Theatrical Garden Party

A HEAT-WAVE CAMEO: With the thermometer at over 80, every kind of summer garb burst into sudden view. At the foot of the Haymarket this stoutly-clad policeman on point duty presented a striking contrast to the two little scantily-clad adventurers on the left

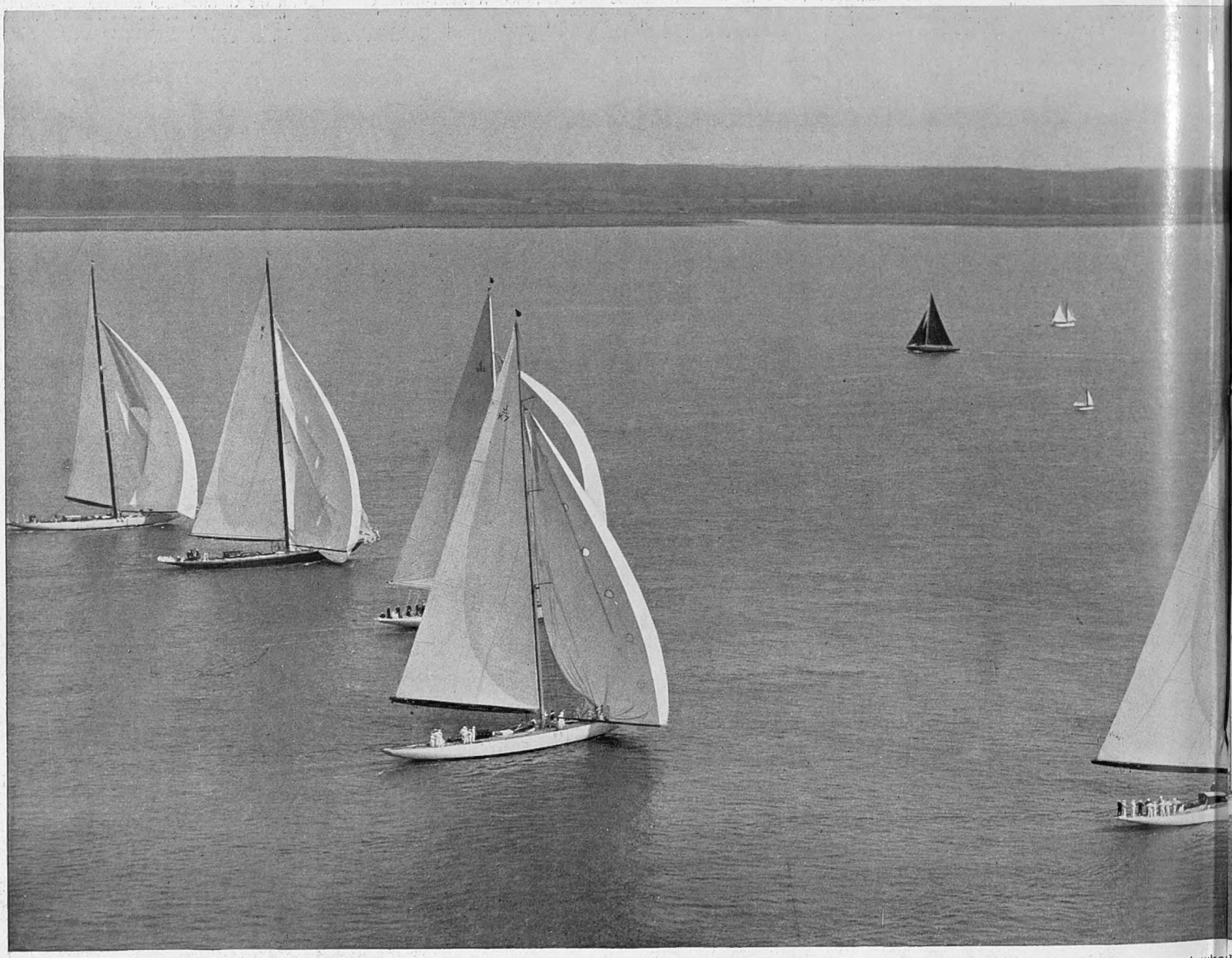
THE ...TERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW AT OLYMPIA: Brown Jack, winner of the Queen ...cot six ...mes in succession, and of over £20,000 in stake money during his long and ...rf, who ...making a daily appearance in the arena, to appeal for funds to endow a bed at ...ital for ...hose connected with racing establishments who are in need of hospital treatment

MIDSUMMER-DAY CEREMONIAL IN THE CITY: The scene in the Guildhall on Monday of this week as Sir Holman Gregory, the Recorder, addressed the Liverymen preparatory to the election of the two sheriffs for the ensuing year. The choice eventually fell upon Mr. J. Dawson Laurie, Alderman and Saddler, and Mr. C. J. H. McRea, Citizen and Carman

On the Rivers and the High Seas



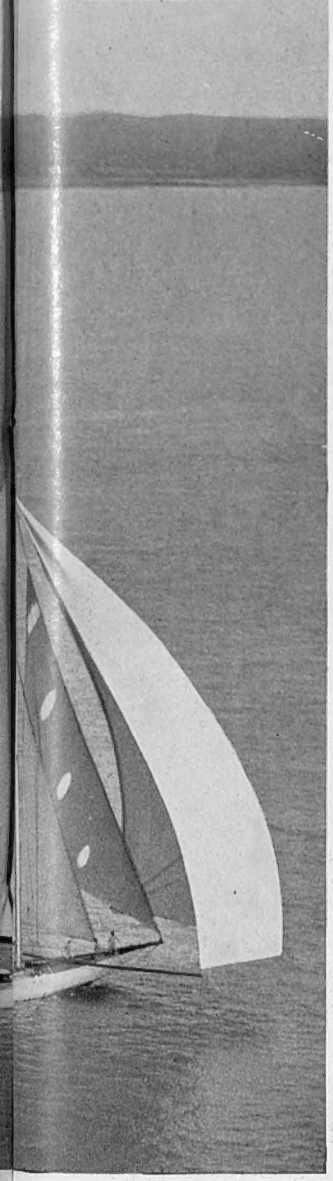
AN INTERESTING VISITOR TO THE THAMES: Kommendörkapten M. von Arbin (*left*), Commander of the Swedish Coastal Defence battleship, *Oscar II* (*right*), which arrived at Gravesend last week for a short stay. The vessel, which is manned by cadets undergoing a course of training, has a displacement of 4,600 tons, carries two 8-in. and eight 6-in. guns, has a maximum speed of about eighteen knots, and her full complement is 339 men. She is somewhat of a veteran, having been built by the Linholmen Company between the years 1905 and 1907. In the picture on the right the cadets are shown engaged in mooring the vessel to a buoy



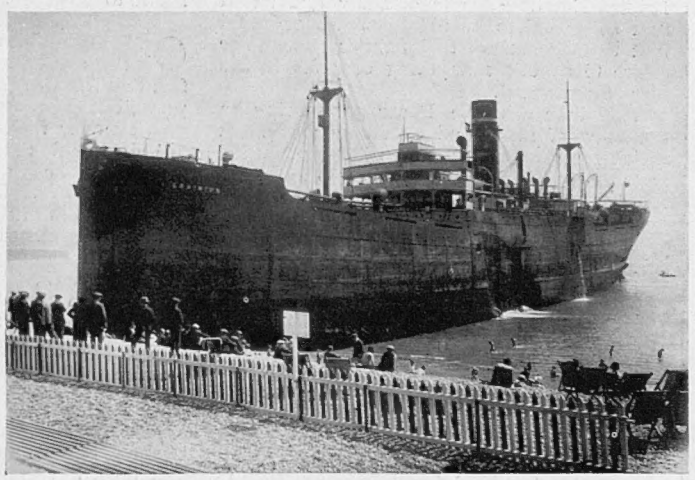
THE AMERICAN INVADER OUTSAILED

A striking view taken at the start of the race in the Solent on Friday of last week whei[Y] yachts in the United States, was beaten decisively by the British boats over a sixteen-m to right are Mr. Hugh F. Paul's *Astra*, His Majesty the King's *Britannia*, which in thes[sa] American yacht *Navahoe* forty-one years ago, Mr. Gerard B. Lambert's *Yankee*, Mr. W. L[St] Mr. H. A. Andreæ's *Candida*. The winner, not seen in this picture, was *Endeavou*[wh] commanding lead and, faultlessly sailed by Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith, finished seven minute[in]

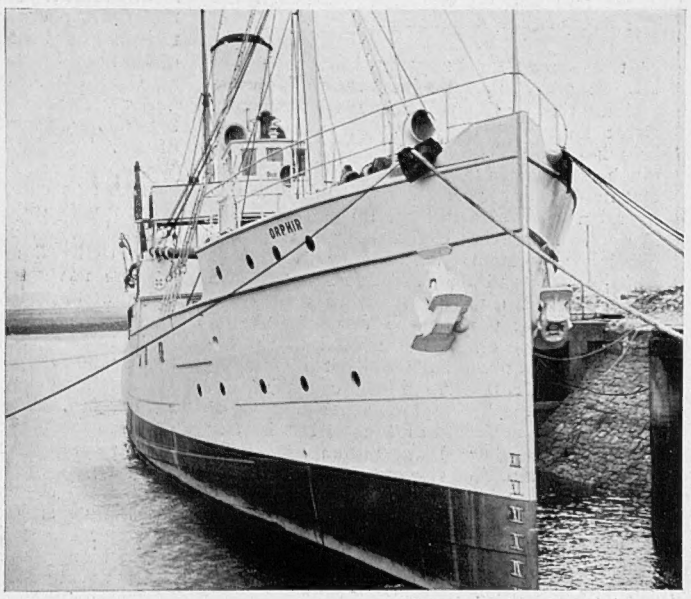
A SPECTACULAR MISHAP: Holiday-makers watching the German oil-tanker, *D. L. Harper*, after she had been stranded on the dangerous Crane Rock, west of the Lizard, Cornwall. Her crew and passengers, numbering forty-three, were rescued by lifeboat



...e *Yankee*, one of the fastest ...rmile course. Reading from left ...same waters defeated the ...Stephenson's *Velsheda*, and ...which quickly established a ...e in front of her nearest rival



AGROUND AT A SOUTH COAST RESORT: The British cargo steamer *Grainton*, of 6,341 tons, beached in Dover Harbour where she was taken by tugs after she had collided on Friday of last week in a dense fog near Beachy Head with the German boat *Genua*



TO SEARCH FOR SUNKEN TREASURE: The S.S. *Orphir* seen before leaving the Beardmore dockyard at Dalmuir, on the Clyde, where she has been fitted out for an expedition to the wreck of the *Lusitania* for the purpose of retrieving documents and other valuables locked in the strong-room of the ill-fated liner. An attempt is also to be made to take under-water cinema pictures of the ship

UNITED STATES WARSHIPS IN THE FORTH: Rear-Admiral E. J. Hardman Jones, Commanding Officer, Coast of Scotland, seen with Rear-Admiral Hayne-Ellis (*right*) when they met at Rosyth. The latter is in command of the American battleship *Arkansas*, which, with her sister ship, *Wyoming*, arrived in the Forth recently on a summer cruise. The two vessels have eight hundred and forty midshipmen on board who are undergoing a training course

R.A.F.: What these Letters really Stand for—

Described by W. HOLT WHITE

To-day (Saturday) is the Royal Air Force Display at Hendon. A hundred thousand faces will be upturned and a hundred thousand throats will cheer as the greatest aerial armada which has as yet been assembled in this country roars by overhead.

To the public it will be a tremendous, not to say awe-inspiring, spectacle; but the experts will very likely shake their heads. They will tell you that a number of these machines are already obsolescent if not obsolete, and that within a measurable space of time even the swiftest of them will be about as useful as Boadicea's chariot.

It is only by rubbing shoulders with the Royal Air Force that one learns what they are thinking and what they need. Now, the Royal Air Force throughout is unsleepingly keen and is immensely efficient as only people dealing with scientific inventions and machines can be. And the higher command is well versed in the tenets of foreign policy and general strategy by air, land, and sea.

Only the Royal Air Force perhaps realises to the full how wide are its duties and how heavy its burdens. Theoretically it exists mainly for the air defence of Great Britain; and, under the Air Ministry, the headquarters command of the air defence of Great Britain is at Hillingdon House, Uxbridge. And it is perhaps typically English that the defence of London, the Home Counties, the Midlands, the North and so on, should be controlled from a rambling, old-fashioned country mansion.

The French and the Germans are busy burrowing. Their air headquarters and their aeroplane stations are going underground. It is debated, however, as to whether it is wiser to be safe or to be mobile. The R.A.F. will tell you with a grin that if they were bombed out at Hillingdon they would carry on in the next field. In any case going underground is an expensive business, it would cost millions and there just isn't the money. The public indeed has no idea as yet as to what even our present programme is going to cost, for while the main purpose of the R.A.F. may be the defence of Great Britain its other functions are many.

It has stations in Irak and in the Middle East, with headquarters at Cairo; in Palestine and Transjordan; in India and on the North-West Frontier; at Aden and in the Far East. And then there are its services to the Navy; the flying boats which come entirely under its own control; and then the supply of aeroplanes and pilots to the carriers. It is as much entitled to use the word *Ubique* as are the Gunners.

Yet, in spite of all this, there is no doubt that the real business of the Royal Air Force is the defence of London. Here is the official statement on the subject:

"The Royal Air Force has, as its principal role, to provide (with the co-operation of ground defences) for the protection of the United Kingdom and particularly London against air attack."

To quote the same authority:

"Technical development in the air is taking place very rapidly in respect, for example, of such matters as speed, height, endurance, carrying capacity, and potentialities for destruction . . . up to now, however, the only deterrent to an armed aggressor has seemed to be the possession of adequate means of counter-attack."

Up to now!

One wonders exactly what this means. Just before he relinquished the premiership Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, grown all belligerent, suggested that there might be some means of making the air unhealthy for enemy airmen.

Up to the present the ratio for the defence of London has been two bombing squadrons to one of fighters. Now the ratio is to be reversed.

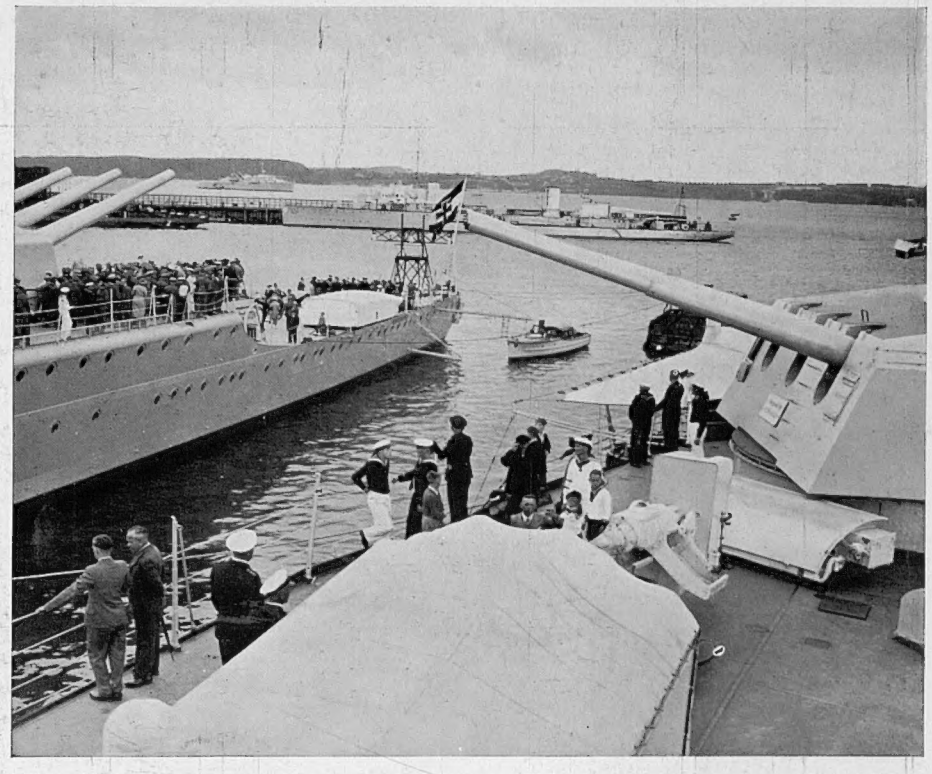
I have heard a discussion of Mr. Baldwin's statement that "Britain's frontiers were on the Rhine." In the R.A.F. that is regarded as "talking backwards." The theory is that, well within five years, with the increasing range and speed of bombers, it will really be immaterial where you jump off from. It was argued, too, that to maintain air force bases on the Continent you would have to ship an expeditionary force overseas, and the expeditionary force might never get out of the country; and if it did, it might never be able to land. It is an interesting point of view.

Rider: that members of the R.A.F. argue all these matters from the point of view of a cheerful fatalism. What will happen will happen. It may however be said that, concentrated as the Royal Air Force is at the moment on the defence of London, there is a good deal of dissatisfaction at the idea of breaking up some of the Territorial units to turn them into anti-aircraft corps.

The great thing necessary is a force of public opinion which will see that the Royal Air Force gets what it wants. After all, it is for the folk who are making the pace to say.

On the Saturday morning that the French aeroplanes left Northolt aerodrome, after paying a complimentary visit to this country, I was tramping along Western Avenue about two miles to the south of the aerodrome. Suddenly there roared overhead a squadron of our Demon fighters. They were escorting the French machines which came over from the aerodrome in single file. They were tremendous and formidable-looking buses. They have, I understand, the latest of everything in the matter of bomb racks and electrical controls and carry enough fuel to give them a range of 4,000 miles; with a war load 2,000 miles. As I saw them, they seemed to be going heavily and slowly. Then, suddenly, I saw a series of shadows leap at me along the road—shadows which overtook cars doing fifty and moving in the same direction. And then, in a flash, the shadows vanished over the crest of the hill. They were the shadows of the French bombers. And when I looked up, the French bombers had vanished with their shadows into the mist. I learned later that they can do 180 m.p.h.

Yes, it is the pace that tells. In a very short time we shall have bombers which can do their 200 m.p.h. Bombers that can do 200 m.p.h. mean the coming of fighters that can do 300 m.p.h. It is a rate of progression which makes one a little dizzy but leaves the Royal Air Force indomitably amused.



NAVY WEEK IN GERMANY: The stern of the cruiser *Koln* seen from the cruiser *Admiral Scheer*

THE ANGLO-GERMAN NAVAL PACT

Virtues and Defects of the New Agreement by which the British Admiralty knows where it Stands and Germany Gains an Assured Status

THE naval agreement between Great Britain and Germany which was reached last Tuesday week (June 18) came as a great surprise to everybody but the inner ring of the negotiators. When the Anglo-German naval conversations began—they were instituted by British request following Herr Hitler's declaration of the German claim to a naval strength equal to 35 per cent. of that of the British Empire—it was officially announced that they were to be purely exploratory, and that the delegations had neither power nor desire to negotiate anything concrete in the way of agreement.

And then a White Paper announcing an exchange of notes, and a definite agreement which amounts to a treaty. The explanation rests upon two things. Firstly that the British Admiralty, faced with the resuscitation of Germany as a naval power, pressed the Government to frame an agreement which would set definite bounds to the extent of Germany's naval re-armament; and secondly the flying week-end visit of Herr von Ribbentrop, head of the German delegation to Herr Hitler.

The announcement of the agreement had immediate and widespread repercussions abroad. France at once handed a note of criticism and protest to the British Ambassador in Paris. France's protest could easily have been foreseen. It is the logical outcome of a declared policy which is opposed to German re-armament, and furthermore holds that the armament question must be treated as a whole and not piecemeal, and through the machinery of the League of Nations.

At the same time it appears at first sight that France has ample justification for complaining that by this agreement with Germany, Great Britain is conniving at a unilateral breach of the Treaty of Versailles without so much as consulting the other signatory Powers. But the Treaty of Versailles was not a multilateral Treaty signed by all the belligerent Powers. It consisted of a series of bilateral treaties, agreements between the victorious and the defeated Powers. Thus Great Britain has a perfect right to agree to the supercession of that part of the Versailles Treaty which concerns only Germany and this country. But here we have a most interesting situation. Great Britain has conceded the termination of the Anglo-German portion of Part V of the Versailles Treaty, but France would certainly not make a like concession concerning *identical* steps by Germany. But that Germany will not even ask France to do so is a foregone conclusion. Having achieved the support of the most important Power the consent or objections of other Powers will not be solicited. Germany proposes to go straight ahead with her plans.

And what of the other Powers? The United States and Japan state that they have no objection. It was hardly likely that they would have, since they are not strategically concerned with the strength of the German Navy. Italy is non-committal, as might be expected when she sees German diplomacy driving a wedge between France and England. Russia says that we have made a bad bargain. So we have, from the Russian point of view, which sees in German naval rearmament the danger of the closing of the Baltic to her trade.

On the face of it there is much to praise in the agreement. Notably there is the fact that it is designed, not for a term of a few years, but in perpetuity. There is, of course, provision for the scaling up of the German Navy should the "equilibrium of naval armaments be violently upset by any abnormal and exceptional construction by other Powers," but this can only be done by mutual agreement between Germany and this country and not by mere notification as is the case in the "escalator clauses" of the Washington and London naval treaties. There is also the fact that the 35 per cent. strength granted to Germany relative to the British Empire is not one of global tonnage only, but, with certain comparatively small reservations, is categorical as well. Thus Germany cannot devote the entire tonnage granted to her to a single class of warship, but must have only 35 per cent. of British tonnage in each category.

There is, however, one exception to this. This is in submarine construction, and it is in this respect that the agreement is open to the gravest criticism. The experience of the great war has made this country distrustful of German submarines, and yet in this naval agreement Germany is actually conceded parity with the British Empire in submarine tonnage. The explanation of the first Lord of the Admiralty in his broadcast speech on Wednesday evening (June 19) cannot be regarded as convincing. He said that "if Germany is to have equality of status with all other Powers, she must clearly have the right to build submarines, and since in the existing naval treaties other countries have the right to parity with us in this category, Germany must have a similar right."

In the first place that Germany has undertaken not to exceed a ratio of 45 : 100 in these craft under existing circumstances is small consolation. The right has been conceded, and can be exercised after notification and "friendly discussion"—not mutual agreement as in the other clauses of the pact. Nor does the fact that an increase of Germany's submarine ratio must come out of other categories reassure. In the last war Germany used little but her submarines in the naval war.

Thus, although the pact is good in parts, it has flaws which must cause the greatest uneasiness.

Kenneth Edwards

PAGEANTRY IN MEWAR STATE: A remarkable picture taken as H.H. Sir Bhupal Singh, Maharana of Udaipur, and nobles of his court were starting out in the State barge on a ceremonial progress across the Pichola Lake, Udaipur, following the Gangore procession which is held every year to celebrate the marriage of Parvati to the Hindu god Siva. The lake is regarded as one of India's chief beauty spots and is dotted with islands on which have been built palaces and picturesque domed pavilions

The India of the Princes

Native Rulers whose Status has Recently been a Subject of Discussion in the House of Lords

THE START OF A NEW REIGN: His Highness Maharaja Rajendra Perkash Bahadur leaving his palace at Nahan on the way to the ceremony at which he was installed as Maharaja of Sirmur State, Punjab. *On right*—Nobles dismounting from their gorgeously caparisoned elephants after taking part in the annual Gangore-procession through the streets of Udaipur, Rajputana

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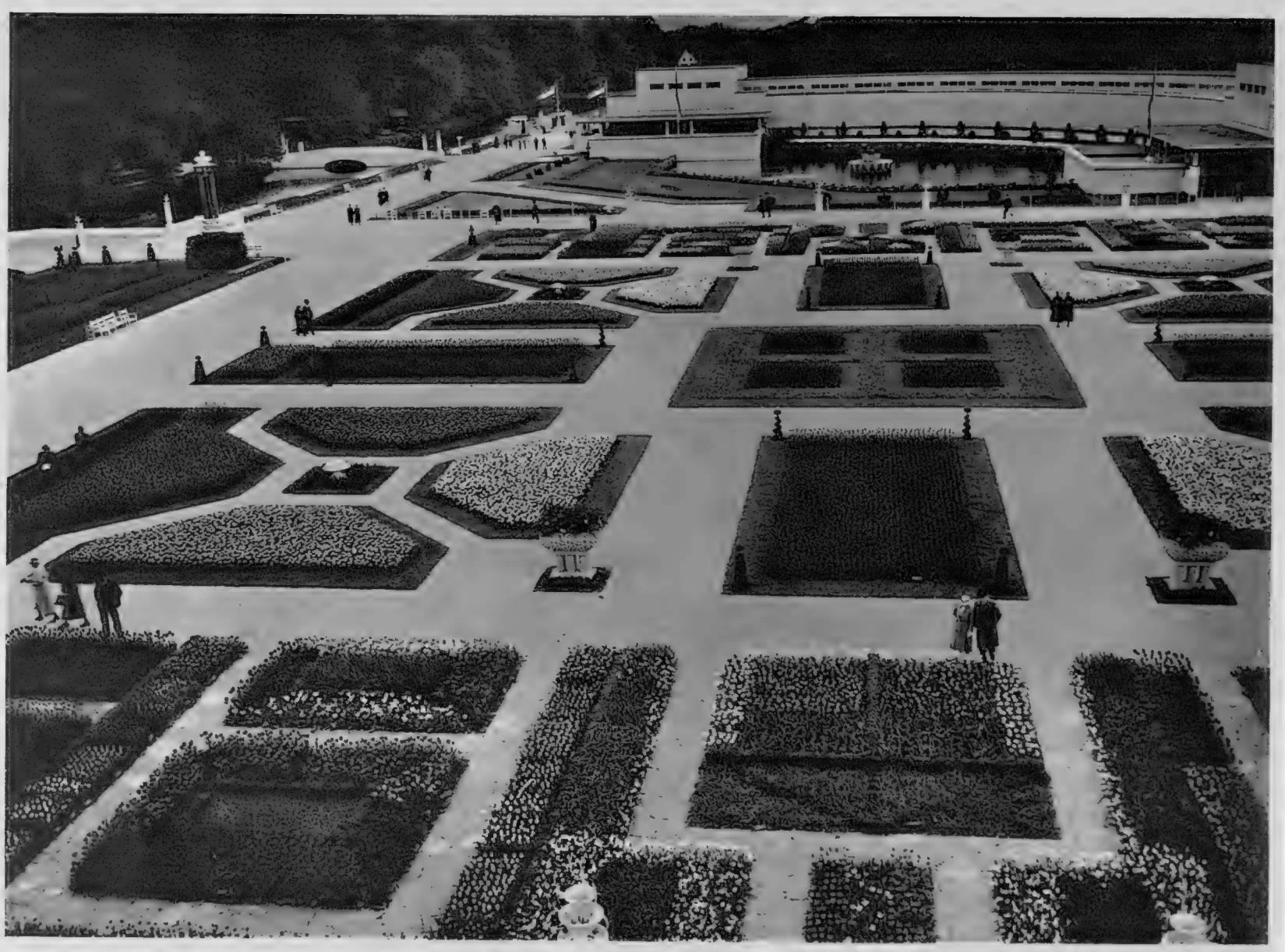


FORMAL BEDS OF TULIPS skilfully grouped in true Dutch style are the keynote of the forecourt of the exhibition. At the back is the main building with an artificial lake and fountain, and on the left a canal and bridges

Holland's Great Flower Show

A Tour of the Decennial Exhibition at Heemstede, near Haarlem

LET me try to act as your guide through the most ambitious, the most orderly, and certainly the most beautiful exhibition of its kind ever staged, the decennial flower show at Heemstede, near Haarlem. If you are thinking of going to Holland you must not fail to visit this exhibition.

A few months ago Heemstede was just an ordinary little township going about the business of growing flowers, and dependent upon the sale and export of them for its existence. Then came the decision to hold the greatest flower show in the world within its boundaries, and from the opening day Heemstede underwent a magical transformation. The restaurants, cafés, and shops began to do an enormous trade, catering for the legions of sightseers who came from literally all over the world. To the inhabitants this meant a new-found prosperity in the darkest moment of Holland's economic crisis resulting from her determination to stay on the gold standard, and for nearly two months they have never looked back.

Before I attempt to give you an insight of this floral paradise, here are a few relevant facts and figures that may be of interest.

The staging of the exhibition, including the cost of preparing the site, erecting buildings, and providing all those amenities essential to the well-being of visitors, called for an expenditure of no less than 300,000 guilders, which even at the present rate of exchange amounts to nearly £43,000.

This sum was earmarked from a fund organized by all the Dutch flower cultivators, and if you take into consideration the conservative temperament of the country, the difficult times, and the nature of the exhibits, it was an expenditure that involved the risk of heavy loss in the event of attendance not coming up to expectations.

Actually the enterprise of the exhibitors has been well rewarded, for since the formal opening on March 15 of this year, over half a million people have passed through the turnstiles in the space of about six weeks. At the rate of 60 cents a head (approximately 1s. 8d.) this means that the entire exhibition has paid for itself in that short time.

The International Jury, of which Sir Daniel Hall, K.C.B. is President includes representatives from Great Britain, America, the Argentine, Belgium, Canada, Denmark, Germany, Finland, France, Hungary, Italy, Luxembourg, Norway, Czechoslovakia, Sweden, Switzerland, and of course Holland, so that the above statement is scant exaggeration.

The lay-out of the exhibition grounds has about it a precise, modernistic touch reminiscent of Wembley. Symmetrical avenues and neat little bridges spanning the canal that divides the forecourt from the beautiful park; ornamental columns from which a system of diffused light illuminates the fairy scene at night; a fountain playing on a small artificial lake; box hedges trimmed to represent various winged creatures; and dominating all, a huge terrestrial globe on a tall, square pillar with the tapering silhouette of some Chinese pagoda protruding from what appears to be a hayrick. Actually it proves on closer inspection to be a strawrick consisting of a fine kind of straw termed, I believe, oat straw.

On one side of the ground a fragrant legion of hyacinths, pink, white and pastel blue, planted in orderly rows like some floral regiment at the stand-easy. The rest of the forecourt arranged in a geometrical pattern of flower beds intersected by tiled paths, consists of nothing but tulips of every imaginable hue under the sun, from pure white to bright scarlet. This wonderful sight, enhanced by the skilful grouping of different shades, forms a picture to which no canvas could ever do justice; yet it is only a prelude to what is to come.

I don't think I ever minded waiting in a queue less than I did at "Flora," as hundreds of us shuffled our way slowly towards the entrance of this temple of the soil.

In the background, the blue of the sky merging with the fresh green foliage of chestnut trees, the whole peaceful picture mirrored on the glass-like surface of the canal. In the foreground, the dazzling white of the exhibition building offsetting the galaxy of colour provided by those myriad bulbs with their slender graceful stalks.

The main exhibition hall is a modern structure designed in the shape of a segment, with covered terraces at either end.

Above the principal entrances there are two sets of stained glass windows; the first expressing the reactions of human beings to flowers, while the second depicts animals and birds in a floral setting, the idea being to contrast agile life with the tranquil beauty of Nature.

Inside the building the air is at exactly the right temperature, and so pure that one has to look up to make sure there is a roof.

The first section is decorated entirely with huge bouquets of irises

(Continued on p. 596)

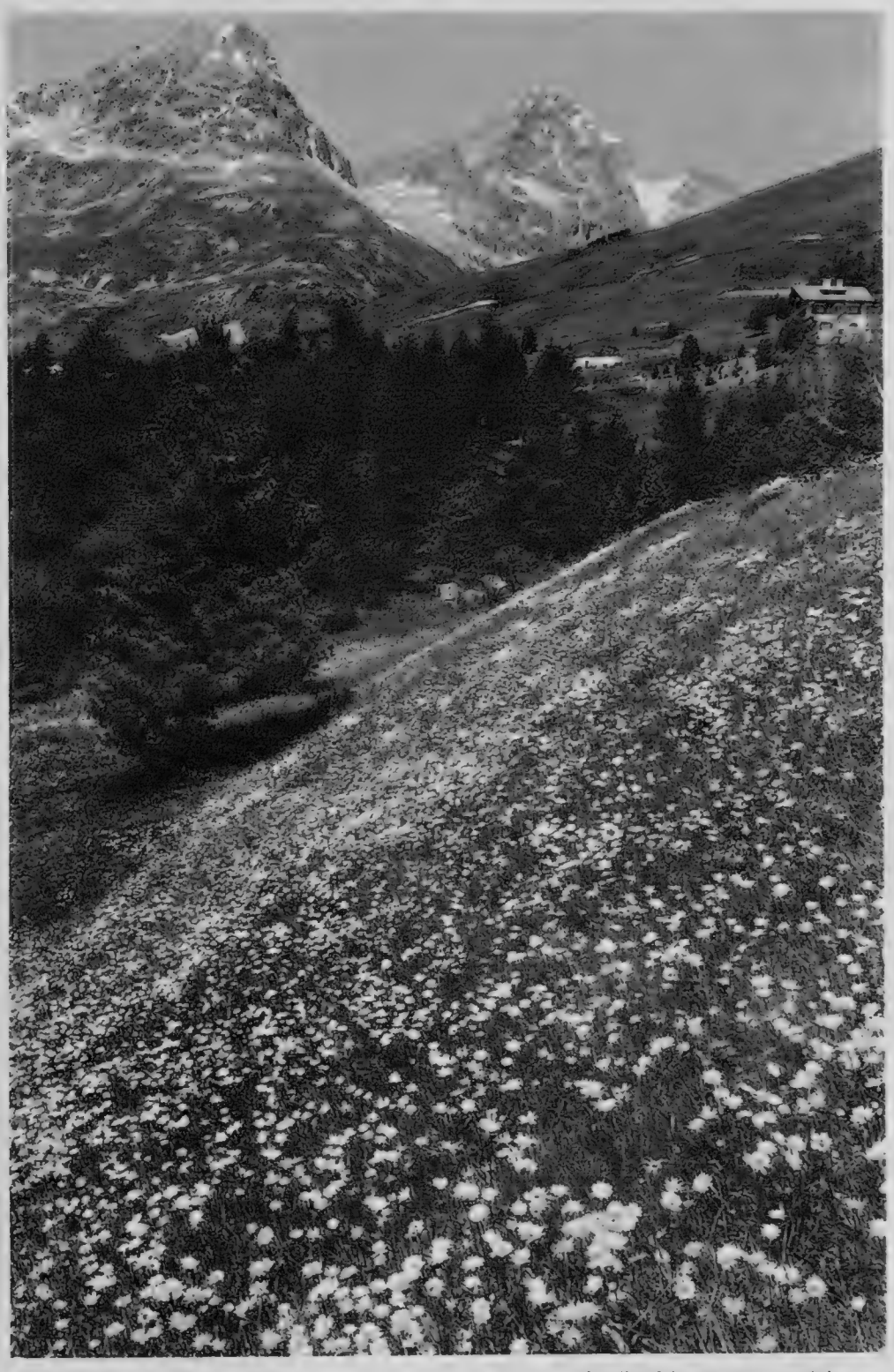
SYMBOLISING HOLLAND'S EXPORT FLOWER TRADE: The huge canvas globe on its tapering pillar, with a plinth of straw such as is spread over bulb fields in winter to protect them. Different coloured hyacinth are massed in the foreground

THE SUMMER GLORY OF THE ALPS

When the Slopes are a Riot of Colour

THE QUEEN OF SWISS ALPINE FLOWERS: The edelweiss, which is much prized both on account of its great beauty and of the difficulty of obtaining specimens. It is found at heights between 5,000 and 7,000 ft., is a member of the aster family, and is chiefly remarkable for its covering of long, white, woolly hairs

THE PHYLLOCACTUS IN BLOOM: This plant really belongs to tropical South America but specimens such as this appear to flourish almost equally well in Central Europe. The flowers range in colour from creamy white to rich crimson



NATURE'S FRAGRANT CARPET

A delightful summer scene taken in the shadow of the famous twin peaks, Piz Julier and Piz Albana, in the Upper Engadine

THE SPOTTED GENTIAN: A member of a family of plants with a world-wide distribution. It is probably found at its best in high mountain pastures in Switzerland and in the Himalayas

THE ALPINE THISTLE: It is not unnaturally looked upon with considerable disfavour by the farmer on account of its prolific growth, but it nevertheless possesses great beauty

THE PIERPONT MORGAN MINIATURES: *Examples from the Famous Collection which was Dispersed at Christie's This Week*

FROM THE GREATEST OF MODERN MINIATURE COLLECTIONS: Two examples of the eight hundred works belonging to Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan which were auctioned this week. *Left*.—Lord Herbert of Cherbury by John Hoskins the famous court painter of the time of Charles I. *Right*.—The Duke of Berwick, natural son of James II, an example of the art of John Hoskins, Jnr.

JEAN BAPTISTE KLEBER: A life-like study by Jean Guerin of the French soldier to whom Napoleon handed over the chief command on leaving Egypt. In June, 1800, when attempting to conclude a peace treaty with the Turks at Cairo, he was assassinated by a Turkish fanatic

MARY, DUCHESS OF RICHMOND AND LENNOX: Jean Petitot's portrait of the daughter of the 1st Duke of Buckingham, who was married three times, firstly, when only a child, to the son of the 4th Earl of Pembroke; secondly, to the Duke of Lennox; and thirdly, to Thomas Howard, brother of the 1st Earl of Carlisle. There is a collection of the artist's work in the Victoria and Albert Museum

THE SON OF NAPOLEON I AND MARIE LOUISE: A delightful boyhood portrait of the Duke of Reichstadt in whose favour Bonaparte abdicated but who was never accepted by the Powers. It is the work of Jean Baptiste Isabey who was a pupil of David and who before the Revolution, and during the reigns of Napoleon I and Napoleon III, enjoyed the patronage of the French Court

THE ART OF SIMON PASSE: *Left*—A gold medallion engraved with a portrait of Queen Elizabeth, and probably depicting her in the dress in which she attended the Thanksgiving at St. Paul's after the defeat of the Armada in 1588. *Right*—A gold medallion engraved with a portrait of James I. On the reverse side are the Royal arms

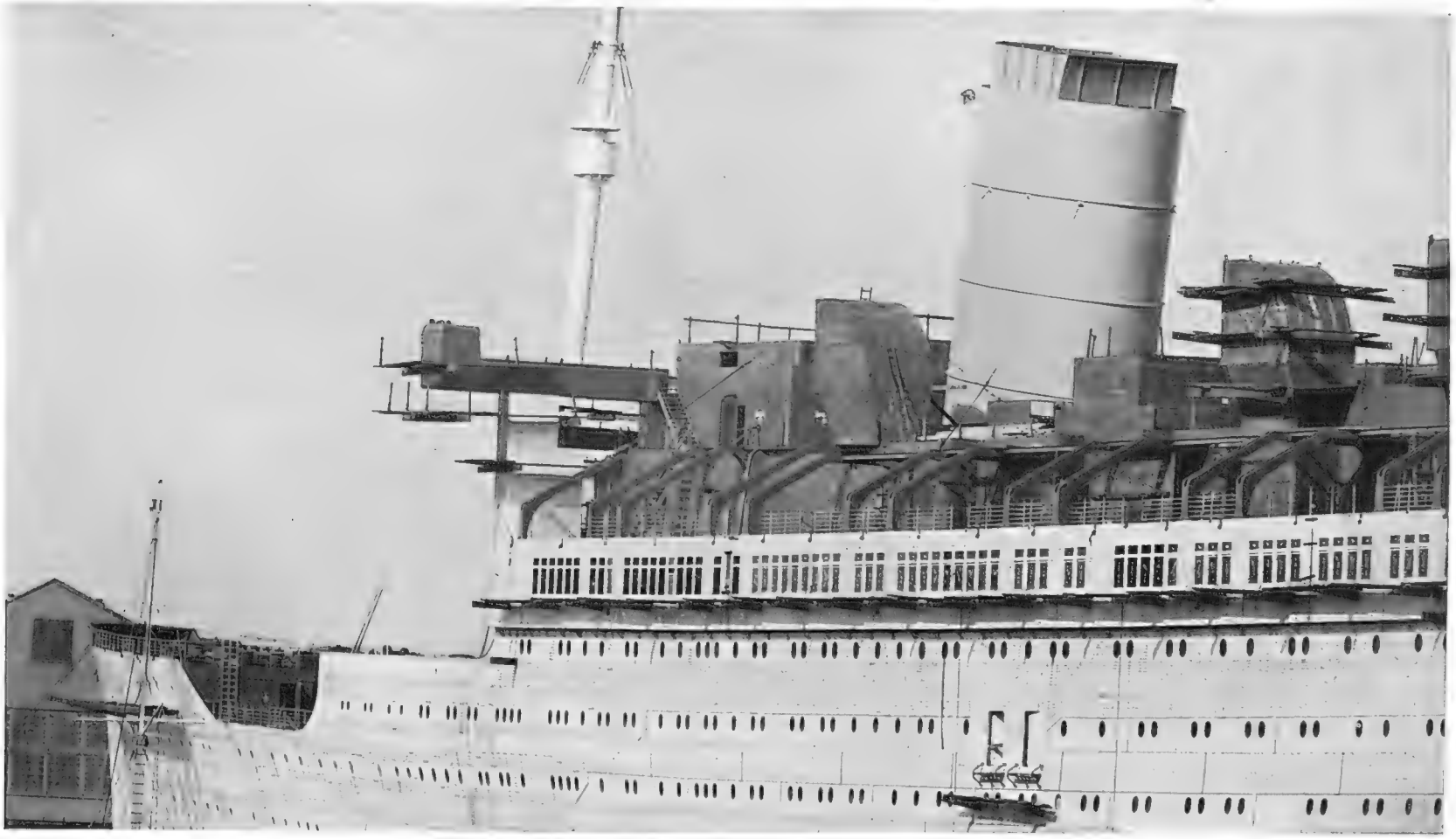
AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY TRIO: Three works by Richard Cosway, R.A., one of the most brilliant of the miniature painters of the English School, who amassed a large fortune and made his house in Pall Mall a centre of fashion and art. *Left*—Mrs. Parsons in water-colour. *Centre*—Madame du Barry, the last mistress of Louis XV. A painting made in 1791, when she was in London. *Right*—George IV, when Prince of Wales

SAIL *and* STEAM

The Model of Nelson's "Victory" Prepares for Her Navy Week Cruise — The Progress of the "Queen Mary"

BLAZING THE TRAIL: The 50-ft. scale model of Nelson's famous flagship, *Victory*, which once again will cruise to ports on the South Coast to advertise Navy Week which takes place simultaneously at Plymouth, Portsmouth, and Chatham, from August 3 to August 10. The vessel is commanded by Paymaster Captain J. H. Batchelor, under whose supervision she was built at Portsmouth Dockyard in 1930, and the crew consists of twenty-four officers and midshipmen of the battleship *Nelson*—the flagship of the Home Fleet

ENTERING HER ELEMENT: The *Abosso*, the latest addition to the Elder Dempster fleet, leaving the slipway at Messrs. Cammell Laird's shipbuilding yard at Birkenhead when she was launched by Lady Holt, wife of Sir Richard Holt. This liner has accommodation for nearly 550 passengers and crew and, in view of the fact that she will be in the West African trade, great attention has been paid to the ventilation system



THE CHALLENGER FOR THE ATLANTIC RECORD TAKES SHAPE: A picture showing the first of the funnels to be installed on the *Queen Mary*, work on which is now well advanced. In spite of the magnificent performance put up by the *Normandie* on her maiden voyage, officials of the Cunard White Star Company are quietly confident that the *Queen Mary* can capture the blue riband. Tank tests have shown that she should be capable of steaming at 34 knots in a moderate sea

WHERE ALL DEALINGS ARE FOR CASH: The Amsterdam Bourse, which has a system of trading that would, according to Mr. Patrick Thompson, make a London broker's hair stand on end

ROAR *of the* MARKET

Bourses and Brokers of the Great Cities of the World: The Cost of Buying a Seat on a Stock Exchange and other Matters of Interest

By C. PATRICK THOMPSON

IN and around Capel Court just now faces are looking more cheerful, and figures more opulent, than at any time since the late lamented summer of 1929. The reason for these wider smiles and broader beams can be found by a glance at the financial page headlines; "Industrials Active," "Boom in Iron and Steel Shares," "Activity in Golds," "More New Issues Coming," "Greater Public Interest in Markets," etc. One gets a more intimate glimpse by referring to the results of the London Stock Exchange for the 1934–35 year, just ended.

The Stock Exchange is a nice little member-owned business capitalized at £720,000 plus £540,000 of debentures. Each of the 19,900 ordinary shares, £36 paid, is now quoted around £275, giving the business a market value of £5,500,000. Receipts and revenue account were both well up on the year, the dividend was raised £1 to £14 a share, and the carry forward equals a further £7 10s. a share. Membership increased twenty-seven, to 3,988. A little more of this thing they call "economic recovery," and our old friend, the stockbroker, who has been having a very thin time during the big slump (his business is almost as speculative as sheep farming or rubber growing), will be returning to the country estate from his suburban villa or town flat, stepping into his Rolls instead of on to the 8.55, and restoring his custom to the purveyors of champagne and cigars.

Compared with the New York Stock Exchange, where they turn over 500,000 shares on a dull day, and anything up to 7,000,000 in a roaring bull market (no less than 12,000,000 shares of American Can alone passed through American stockbrokers' hands—leaving a nice little commission sticking each time—in 1930), the London Stock Exchange looks a small affair. But the securities in its official list aggregate £18,500,000,000 (the total valuation of all shares listed on the New York Stock Exchange was only £6,800,000,000 at the end of 1935), and it is by far the freest of all the stock markets, and the most important to the world flow of capital.

The Paris Bourse is State-controlled and supervised. Its seventy members alone may trade in officially listed securities. Around the pillars of the Bourse portico you will find the coulissiers dealing in securities not officially listed—that market corresponds to the New York Curb Market, and is, as a matter of fact, bigger and livelier than the august Bourse proper. Very political is the Paris Bourse. In pre-war days its committee refused a listing to U.S. Steel Corporation shares, but sanctioned a Turkish loan. The steel shares went on and up, but the Turkish loan speedily became waste paper.

The Berlin Börse is even more strictly controlled. The big banks dominate it. The banks are members of the Börse and do practically all the buying and selling for the German public, and your Berlin stockbroker deals with the banks and not with the public. They have a bank check system there for securities, which have a habit of staying in bank strongrooms, like cash in England. Some 300 only of all the securities traded in on the Berlin Börse fluctuate in price daily. The rest are subject to a daily price fixing.

The Amsterdam Beurs alone of the European Stock Exchanges is free; but its 1,000 members limit their trading to an hour daily, and dealings are (this would make a London broker's hair stand on end) for cash.

In some sense the London Stock Exchange is the child of the Amsterdam stock market. But that is delving too far back in history for our purpose here. London has developed its own technique and practices during the two centuries that have passed since the stockbrokers first began to congregate for business in Change Alley (the present Stock Exchange was founded, with fifty members, in 1802—perhaps as a retort to Napoleon, who courted the brokers and built for them the Bourse in which they still do business to-day). In the old days the leading London brokers met in Jonathan's coffee house. That is why the attendants at their batteries of speaking tubes on the fifteen raised stands on the spacious bare floor of the modern Stock Exchange, housed sumptuously in marble and mahogany on the site between Broad Street and Throgmorton Street, are called "waiters," and clothed incongruously in blue coats, striped waistcoats, and half-boots—the picturesque touch of tradition in the midst of vibrant modernism and high-speed communications.

It can cost up to 2,000,000 francs to buy one of the seventy seats on the Paris Bourse, and the last seat sold on the New York Stock Exchange fetched £21,000. But in London they prefer character to wealth and like pre-membership experience. If you have not qualified by service for special terms, and want to become a member, you must find three members to recommend you and become surety for £500 apiece. Then there is 600 guineas entrance fee and 100 guineas annual subscription. Further, you must buy the "nomination" of a deceased or retiring member. This varies with the state of the market (in the 1928–31 period it ran as high as £1,850 and as low as £50). Finally, you must acquire a minimum of three Stock Exchange shares, and these fluctuate like any other variable-dividend share, and have in recent years been as low as £100 and as high as £293.

But a clerk who has been working four years in the Stock Exchange can get in for half the ordinary entrance fee and annual subscription; he need buy only one Stock Exchange share and find two guarantors in the sum of £300 each.

Whether the new member thereafter sinks or swims, achieves a Maida Vale flat or a Surrey or Sussex estate, is thereafter strictly up to himself. Anyone who thinks that high technical efficiency, or pre-eminence in theory, is going to make a broker rich, errs. Successful brokers, like successful lawyers, can hire cheaply all the academic brains they need. The men who make big money are the men who can build up connections and drag in a large volume of business. I am acquainted, for instance, with a half-commission man who lately declined to become a partner in the firm of stockbrokers he is associated with because he was bringing in two-thirds of the business, and could make more on his half-commissions than he could as a partner taking a fourth of the net profit.

Getting business—that's the rub. For our broker is forbidden to advertise. The conservative controllers of his professional close corporation, the thirty members of the General Committee, draw the attention of the citizenry by a dignified advertisement to the fact that a number of gentlemen of integrity, operating under strict rules and regulations in a constituted market place, are willing and indeed eager to buy or sell for you a stake in capitalist enterprise, or some of those paper tokens of debt known as debentures, bonds, and stocks. But if you write and ask to be put in touch with a good broker, all you will get will be a list of the members of the market. It is left to you to pick one.

Unlike his American fellow, the London broker may not provide facilities for speculation and investment through a chain of branch offices. He is allowed one office address, and there he has to stick. How, then, does he get business? Apart from his own personal connection, he gets it through banks, through solicitors and trustees, through insurance companies and other business organisations with money to invest (happy the firm which could monopolise the stock market business of the Prudential, which for 1934 totalled over £125,000,000!); and he gets it through one-third-commission agents and half-commission men. The latter skirmishers, who may or who may not know anything about trade, industry, economics, finance, and all the other underlying factors which move markets, go out and drag in business from drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, cocktail-bars, boudoirs, bedrooms, restaurants, clubs, and regimental messes.

Curious, the different viewpoint between London and New York on this and sundry other points of practice. London considers it ethical to split a commission but unethical to advertise; New York sees it the other way round—it is the worst of professional crimes for a Wall Street man to split a commission. In New York, they clear up their affairs daily, settling by stock deliveries and cash payments, and you have to put up margin if you want to deal. London, on the other hand, is a contract market, with deliveries and payments fortnightly, and the speculator who is properly vouched for need not put up margin at the time for reasonable dealings. It is, in fact, easier to gamble on the London than on the New York market. The London system gives greater facilities for speculative operations.

But if you investigate this paradox you will find that it is not the system that matters so much as the human element. Even in a bull-market mood, the British public does not gamble so wildly as the citizen of the younger and more volatile American civilization (gambling in bank stocks here is made impossible by the regulation which restricts sales of bank shares to actual holders). Stock market regulation is much tighter in London; the New York market is now being reformed along London lines. The option system—options comprise a large amount of Capel Court's daily business—is not in use across the Atlantic, because the market and those who operate in it cannot yet be trusted to make legitimate use of options so as to help

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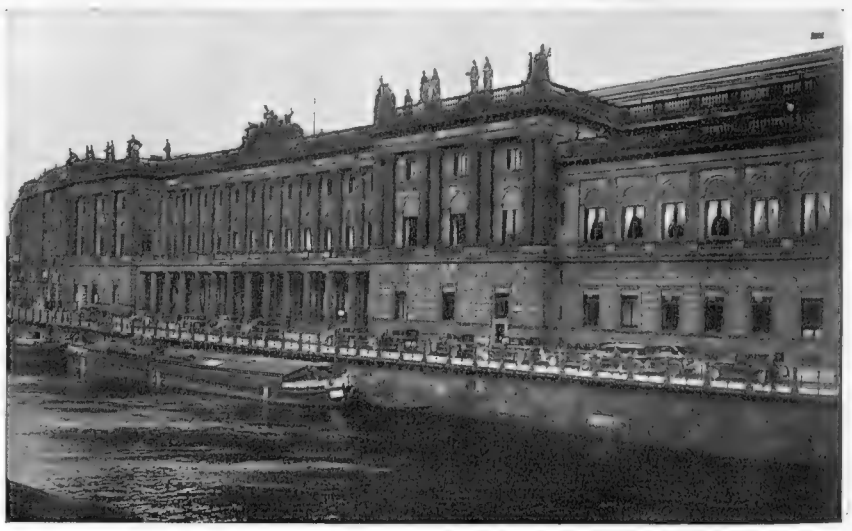


STATE CONTROLLED: The Berlin Bourse, which is under strict government supervision and is largely dominated by the big bankers, who do practically all the buying and selling on behalf of the German public. Many of the stocks are subject to daily price-fixing and gambling is sternly discouraged

A "Sphere" Survey

News from Four Continents

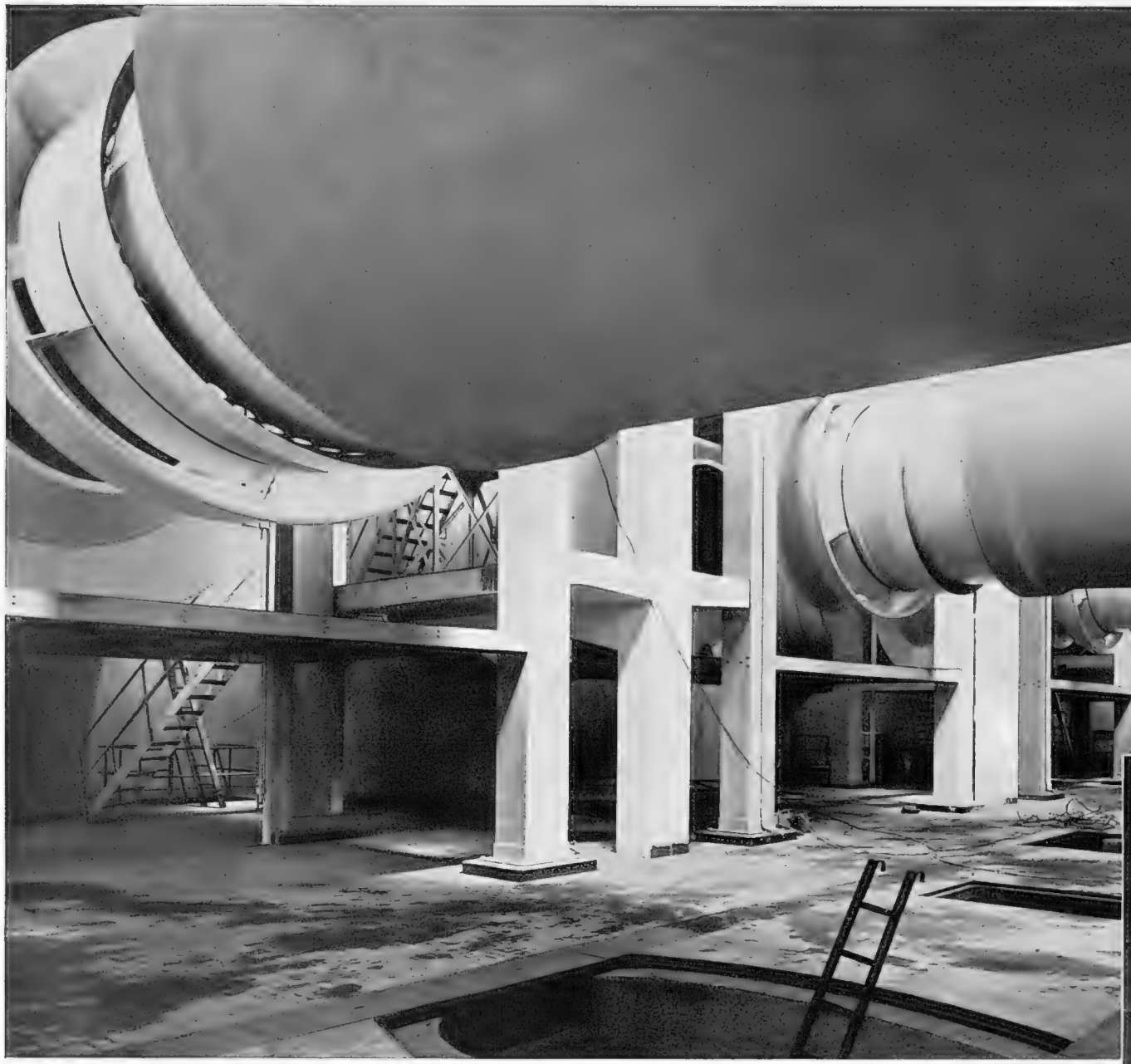
TRAINING THE DOCTORS OF TO-MORROW: The scene outside the central meeting hall at the opening at Alt Rehse, Mecklenburg, of the new medical school where the more promising German medical students will be sent to undergo courses of advanced study. Reichminister Rudolf Hess represented Chancellor Hitler at the inaugural ceremony

MAINTAINERS OF LAW AND ORDER: Officers and men of the Northern Rhodesian Regiment leaving Lusaka, the new capital of Northern Rhodesia, for the copper belt where they were sent at the beginning of this month to control the natives who were on strike and damaging the property of the mining companies. The discontent has been partly caused by the increase in the poll tax from ten shillings to fifteen shillings

PEACE-TIME VICTIMS OF WAR-TIME INSTRUMENTS: The flag-draped coffins at the funeral of the fifty men who lost their lives in the disastrous explosion which took place recently at the "Wasag" munitions factory at Reinsdorf, Saxony. Herr Hitler has subscribed the sum of 100,000 marks for relief work among the families that have been left destitute

THE WORLD'S FIRST STREAMLINED FERRYBOAT: A composite picture of the *Kala Kala* (Chinook Indian for "Flying Bird") which has recently been completed by the Puget Sound Navigation Company and will go into service next month between the cities of Seattle and Bremerton in the State of Washington, U.S.A. Everything possible has been done to reduce wind resistance to a minimum, and it is anticipated that the vessel will make the sixteen-mile trip in many minutes less time than her predecessor

THE JAPANESE VESUVIUS IN ACTION AGAIN: Mount Asama, famed for the violence and suddenness of its outbursts, belching clouds of smoke and stones during an eruption which began on May 22. This volcano is always most dangerous in this particular month, and it was on May 26, 1908, that it began a new period of activity after having remained comparatively quiescent for 125 years. In 1783 it destroyed forty-eight villages



REPRODUCING GALE CONDITIONS INDOORS: These wind tunnels have been installed in the Aerodynamic Pavilion at Guidonia, and are used for testing model aeroplanes to ascertain whether they are airworthy, and where the weaknesses, if any, lie. They are 6 ft. 6¾ ins. in diameter, and the wind, which can be made to flow through them at speeds up to 168 m.p.h., is produced by electric fans driven by 450-h.p. motors. This apparatus forms an interesting variation on the methods employed, on a larger scale, at Chalais-Meudon and at South Farnborough, both of which have recently been illustrated in "The Sphere." *Inset on right*—Scales and other instruments used for recording the results of experiments taking place in one of the tunnels

TANK TESTS ON AN ELABORATE SCALE: This concrete building is over 500 yards in length and is employed for experimenting with model seaplanes for the purpose of finding out how they will act under varying conditions. The tank is equipped with special machinery for producing artificial waves, and the model is drawn through the water by being attached to the arm of an electrically-operated carrier which can attain a speed of approximately 65 miles per hour. When a test is in progress the engineers in charge can watch the behaviour of a "seaplane" through the windows and take readings from the instruments installed within the cabin. An ingenious apparatus stills the artificial waves almost instantaneously at the conclusion of each experiment

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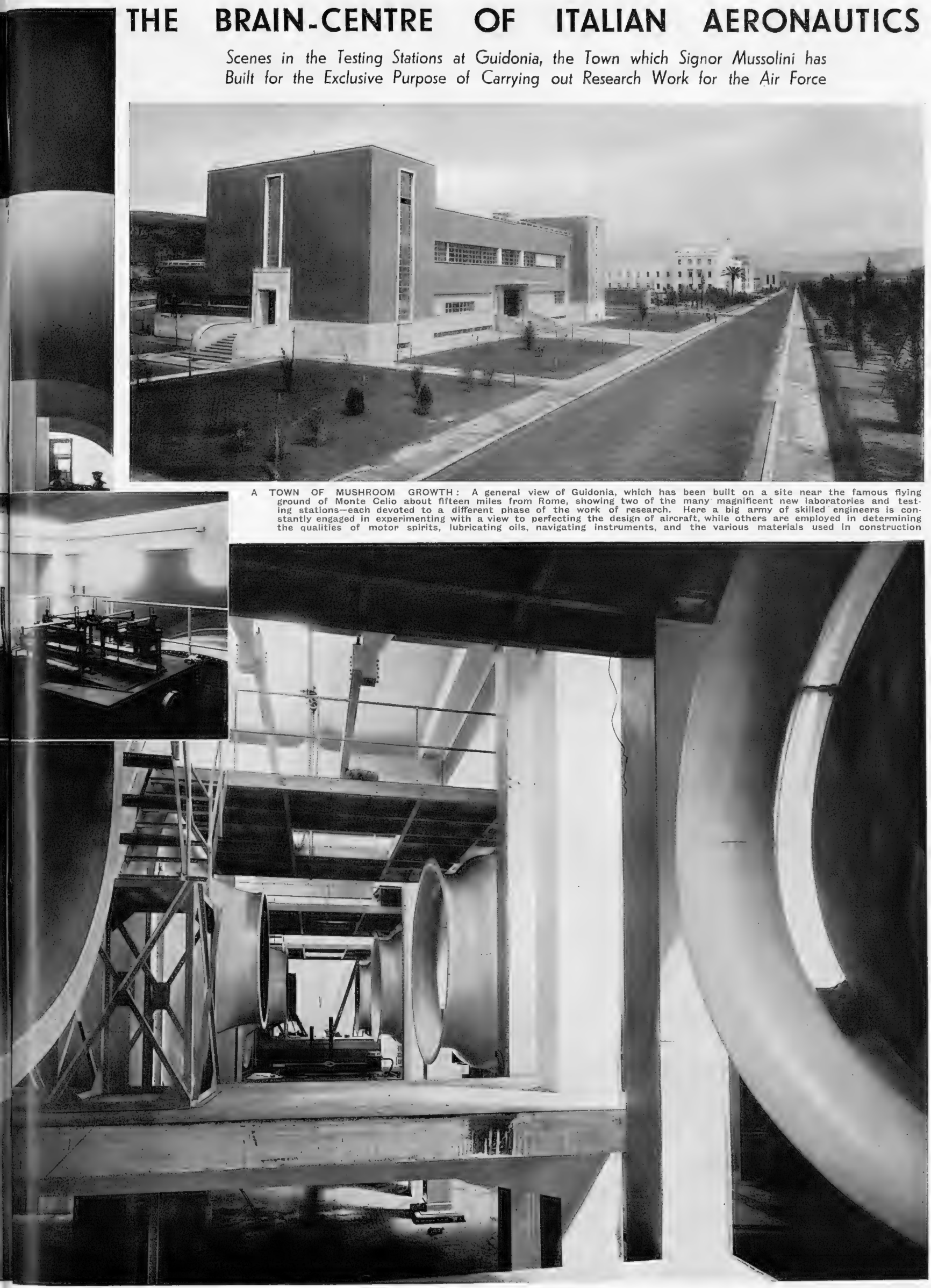
THE BRAIN-CENTRE OF ITALIAN AERONAUTICS

Scenes in the Testing Stations at Guidonia, the Town which Signor Mussolini has Built for the Exclusive Purpose of Carrying out Research Work for the Air Force

A TOWN OF MUSHROOM GROWTH: A general view of Guidonia, which has been built on a site near the famous flying ground of Monte Celio about fifteen miles from Rome, showing two of the many magnificent new laboratories and testing stations—each devoted to a different phase of the work of research. Here a big army of skilled engineers is constantly engaged in experimenting with a view to perfecting the design of aircraft, while others are employed in determining the qualities of motor spirits, lubricating oils, navigating instruments, and the various materials used in construction



of some of the single circuit wind tunnels between which are suspended when tests are in progress. One of these for general experiments, another for studying the aircraft, and a third for investigating the interference and tail which is said to be the cause of many disasters

IN THE AERODYNAMIC PAVILION

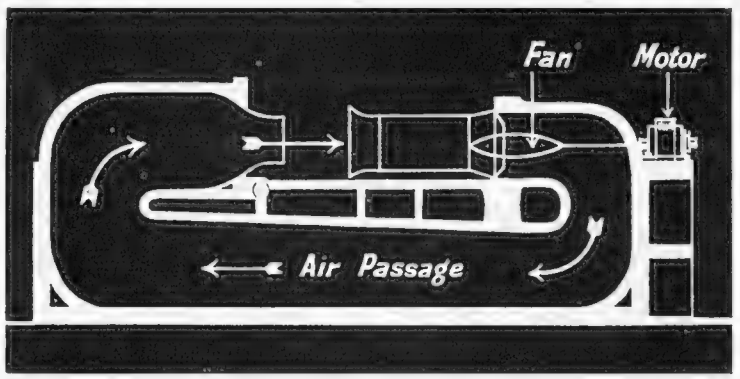
IN THE HYDRODYNAMIC STATION AT GUIDONIA: This carrier, mounted on tyred wheels and suspended above the water, is larger than but somewhat similar to the apparatus at the Royal Aircraft Establishment, South Farnborough, and is used for drawing model seaplanes along a 500-yard tank in order to test the seaworthiness of their hull design. The carrier can travel at 32 m.p.h., and the cabin contains a number of instruments for recording the results of experiments

GUIDONIA

The Brain Centre of Aeronautical Development in Italy — a New Town that has Suddenly Sprung Up Near Rome

THE high standard of efficiency attained by the Italian Air Force is in great measure attributable to the intensive research work which has been carried out during the past few years. Similar work is, of course, done in all countries, but it was left to Signor Mussolini to go a step further and create a centre dedicated exclusively to experimenting with a view to perfecting aircraft. This centre, which is in reality a town, is known as Guidonia, and has sprung up with surprising rapidity near the famous flying ground of Monte Celio, about fifteen miles from Rome. Here laboratories and testing stations have been set up and equipped regardless of cost, and a vast army of technical experts is constantly engaged in experimenting with materials for aircraft construction and in attempting to improve on the existing designs of aeroplanes and seaplanes.

It is impossible to describe here all the numerous buildings and their internal arrangements, but reference must be made to the two edifices which contain the aerodynamic tunnels and the hydrodynamic tanks. The aerodynamic pavilion has in the centre a vast conference hall around which six wind tunnels have been constructed, of which four are horizontal with a diameter of 6 ft. $6\frac{3}{4}$ in., one is horizontal with a diameter of 9 ft. $10\frac{1}{8}$ in., and one vertical of the same diameter. In the four smaller tunnels wind at a speed of 168 m.p.h. is produced by electric fans driven by 450-h.p. motors. To each of these tunnels specific tests are assigned: one is destined for general investigations, another for studying equilibrium and stability, and a third for investigating the interference between wings and tail which is the cause of many disasters. In the large horizontal gallery wind at 224 m.p.h. is produced by a fan driven by a 1,800-h.p. motor. The models of the aeroplanes made to scale are suspended within the tunnels and are connected with most sensitive scales and instruments which are mounted on a huge monolithic concrete platform.



A LINE DRAWING SHOWING THE PRINCIPLE UPON WHICH THE WIND TUNNELS AT GUIDONIA ARE BUILT: Instead of employing the through-draught system in operation at the Chalais-Meudon testing station in France, they are of the single circuit open jet type; the same air being circulated round and round by electric fans

Of exceptional importance are the hydrodynamic tanks of which the smaller is circular. The large tank has a length of 1,640 ft., a width of 21 ft. 4 ins. and a depth of 12 ft. $3\frac{5}{8}$ ins. Its purpose is to investigate hydroplanes. The tank is equipped with special machinery for producing artificial waves of any desired force and with an installation which breaks the waves within a few minutes so as to be able to repeat any tests almost immediately. The models of the hydroplanes are suspended from specially designed carriers which look like the body of a motor car. There are two different types of these carriers. One is travelling in the centre of the tank and is suspended on both sides from a framework mounted upon tyred wheels running on rails laid along the two sides of the tank. The model is suspended at the inside of this carrier which has accommodation for the officers in charge of the experiments, driver, and attendants. The cabin contains all the requisite measuring and registering apparatus. This carrier can attain a speed of 32 miles per hour. The second type of carrier is of an entirely different construction. It has on one side a projecting arm from which the model is suspended. This carrier is built to travel on one side of the tank only and can attain a speed of 65 miles per hour. The internal arrangement is similar to that above described. Both carriers are driven by electricity.

An interesting installation in one of the many other buildings of Guidonia is that of a cell built for the purpose of studying the influence of high altitudes (low temperatures and rarefied air) upon the physical conditions of the pilots and upon the motor. The cell is fitted with thick, plate-glass windows to allow observation from outside during the tests. Temperatures and rarefaction of the air are controlled by complicated installations.

Flights at great altitudes are of the greatest importance, both for military and for civil aviation.

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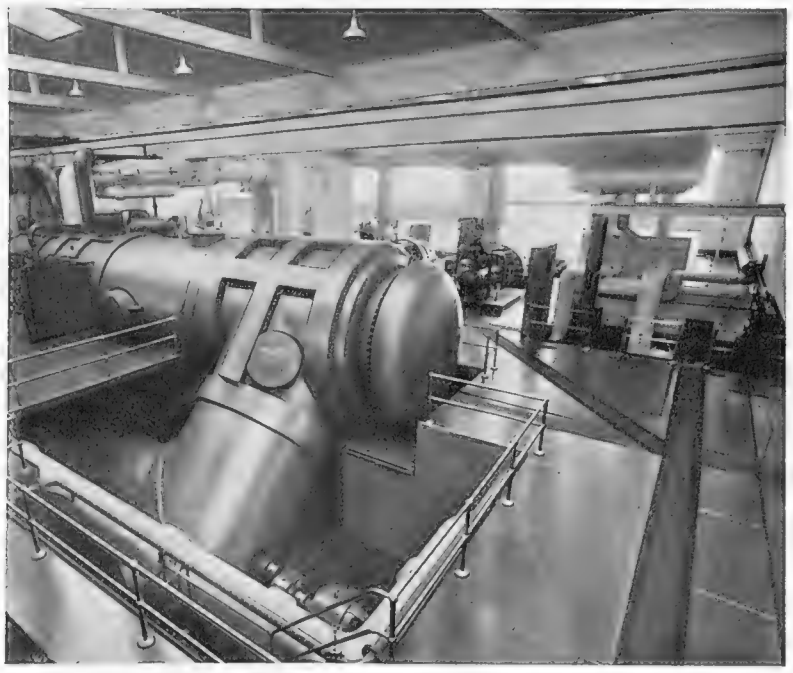
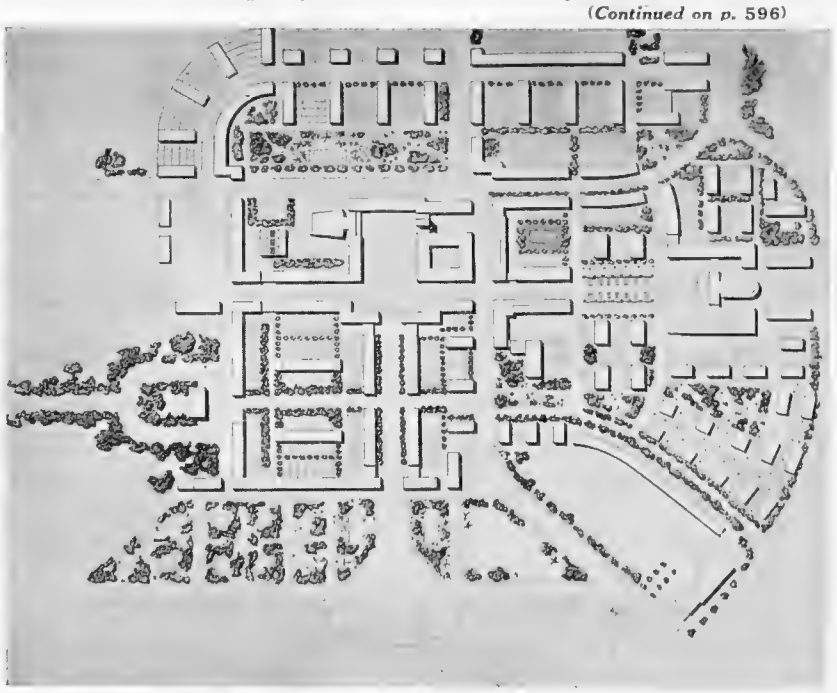


THE FIAT COMPANY'S TEST PLANT AT TURIN: The great cylinder in which aeroplane motors are tried out under conditions corresponding to those which would be encountered at an altitude of approximately 32,000 ft.



A MODEL TOWN: A plan of Guidonia showing the situation of the various laboratories, and testing stations. The place takes its name from the late General Guidoni who a few years ago lost his life when experimenting with a parachute

IN THE GREAT DINING ROOM AT THE MANOIR D'ANJOU, NEAR BRUSSELS: The Count of Paris, whom the French royalists call "Le Dauphin," and who they hope will one day accompany his father from exile in Belgium. With him is his wife who, before her marriage, was Princess Isabelle of Orléans. *On left*—The Count and Countess in the main entrance hall at the Manoir d'Anjou

THE DAUPHIN AT HOME

A new Series of Pictures of the Count of Paris, Son of the Pretender to the French Throne

OF THE BLOOD ROYAL: The Duke of Guise, the chief claimant to the throne of France, seen in his study with his eldest son, the Count of Paris. The Duke, who was born in Paris in 1874, became the senior member of the Bourbon-Orléans family in 1926 on the death of Louis Philippe, Duke of Orléans. He was married at Twickenham in October, 1899

On left—THE COUNT AND COUNTESS OF PARIS AT WORK IN THEIR STUDY LINED WITH MAPS OF FRANCE: They were married at Palermo Cathedral, Sicily, in 1931, and have three children; Princess Isabelle (born 1932); Prince Henri, the heir-presumptive (born 1933); and Princess Helène (born 1934)

MODERN SEERS

THE SOBER, BLACK GARB OF THE ANTOINISTS: Members of this sect of faith healers seen outside their temple after the service which is held every Sunday, when the creed of Father Antoin is first theoretically expounded and then put into practice among the sick and the unfortunate

A STUDY IN CONTEMPLATION: Brother Hosias, the earthly representative of Father Antoin, by whose inspiration and contact with the founder's spirit the Antoinists are guided. Having created an atmosphere of peace and concentration among the members of the congregation he has taken his place in the front row and is listening to a sermon delivered by a brother priest

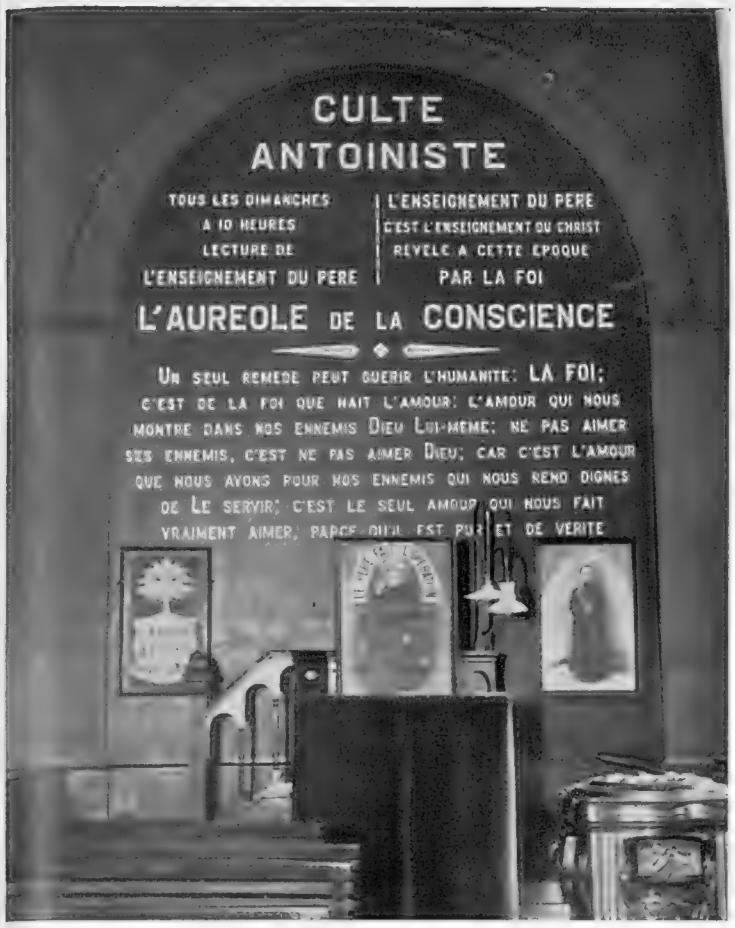
THE GREAT HEALER: In a trance the priest prays before the portrait of the white-bearded Père Antoin, entreating his spirit to help in the healing of a sick disciple. At all hours of the day and night the brothers are called upon for assistance by their followers

WITH DEVOTIONAL INTEREST these followers listen to a sermon based demonstrated so brilliantly th

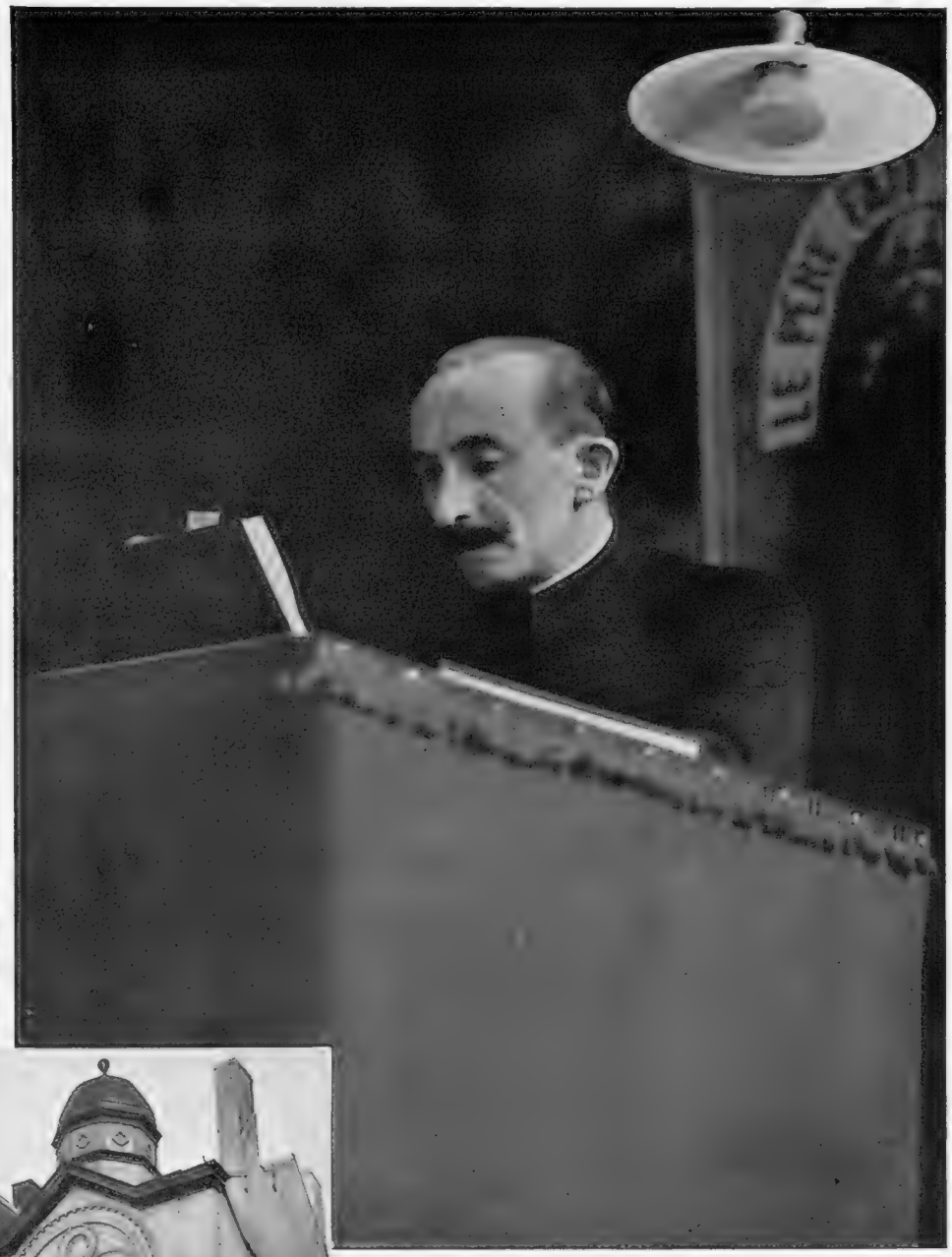
A bleak, tiled interior with white inscriptions on the walls, a gathering of devout men and women in decent Sunday black, sitting with folded hands on wooden benches; a portrait of a white-bearded giant with hand raised in benediction; it is morning service in the Antoinist temple at Liége. Brother Hosias, who is the founder's successor and is able to read his followers' minds, stands almost in a trance, praying silently before the congregation. Then another brother mounts the chancel and reads from the writings of Father Antoin. "There is but one remedy that can save mankind—Faith, and Faith gives birth to Love." Father Antoin, who died in 1912, began life as a metal-worker, barely

OF LIÉGE:

The Cult of the Antoinists — A Remarkable Sect of Faith Healers



"THE TEACHING OF THE FATHER IS THE TEACHING OF CHRIST, revealed to this age by faith": In simple language this exposition of the Antoinist creed adorns the wall above the chancel in the temple at Liége



ONLY BELIEVE, AND YOU SHALL BE SAVED: This is the essence of Father Antoin's doctrine, which he communicated to his followers in sundry writings, to be read regularly at every Sunday service by one of the brothers

on based on the doctrine of Le Grand Guérisseur, who advocated and ntly th practice of faith healing

THE TILED FAÇADE OF THE TEMPLE: The congregation leaving after a service

THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE: The emblem of the Antoinists that symbolises their power to discern between good and evil

ADMINISTERING THE DOCTRINE: Sick disciples are cared for by the Antoinists and wait patiently in the entrance hall of the temple until they are called before one of the brothers for treatment

ducated, and of poor parentage. His powers began to show themselves in hypnotic healing, by which he made himself widely known and revered, so much so that the healed turned worshippers. An Antoinist Cult was established; wealthy patients in France and Belgium endowed the temples, which now number forty-two and are attended by 200,000 people. After the Great Healer's death the Antoinists continued to administer to all those mentally or physically sick, and under the guidance of Brother Hosias continued to gain in strength. Brother Hosias has written up outside his house at Liége, "The sick and weary are welcomed at any time of the day and night."

THE ROYAL PROCESSION, which did not take place either on the opening day or on Gold Cup day owing to the inclemency of the weather, passing down the course on the second day of Ascot

JUBILEE SEASON

A Review of the First Half of the Present London Season, which, in spite of Disastrous Weather, has been the Most Brilliant of any during the Post-war Years

By CHARLES GRAVES

WE have now reached the apex of the Jubilee season. We can look back over vistas of strawberries and wet days to the beginning of the longest and most brilliant indoor season that London has ever known. It is the longest because the first Courts were as early as March. Its brilliance has been self-evident. The weather has been abominable. As my caddie at Cooden Beach remarked to me last week-end, "That fine weather on May 6 was extraordinary, sir, wasn't it? It's what I would call a real god-send." Certainly the day of the Jubilee was the only fine day between weeks of wet and cold. Why, look at Ascot or Whitsun for that matter.

I have already described in THE SPHERE the coloured symphony which was London during the fortnight of garlands and Venetian masts. I did not tell the only good Jubilee story. This was of the provincial parent and his small son walking up Oxford Street. "Look at that," said the father, pointing to the gigantic Britannia decorating the exterior of Selfridges—"Now tell me what it is?" "Tails," the small boy answered instantaneously.

The great feature of the Jubilee season has not been so much the private dances as the charity balls. These have been conducted on the most lavish scale, and have been much smarter really than the private dances. In the past the Upper Four Thousand who bought tickets for these affairs usually gave them away to their poor relations. This year they have turned up themselves. This is largely due to the indefatigable personal Royal appearances made chiefly by the Duke and Duchess of Kent, but also by the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke of Gloucester, and the Prince of Wales in that order. The Duke and Duchess of Kent in particular almost seem to have had a season ticket to Grosvenor House which, possessing the largest ball-room in the West End has been the mecca of all charity balls. Another local advantage was that a cabaret of Les Girls was always available, and one knows how popular these successive editions of blonde beauties have been. They have, indeed, drawn the supper crowd away from most of the formerly more fashionable supper restaurants and clubs.

ENTERING THE GOLDEN GATES: The Queen accompanied by the Prince of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of York, starting on the course at Ascot on Royal Hunt

LADY HARCOURT SELLING TICKETS FOR A DIAMOND CLASP AT THE EMPIRE BALL AT GROSVENOR HOUSE: This was one of the many charity functions that have been such a feature of the present season, and the above is a typical moment during supper when the guest still further aids the cause

The Berkeley, however, under the genial Ferraro, and with its new white and silver decorations, has held its own, while the Ritz and the Carlton have both gone gay in self-defence. That shows what the Jubilee season can do to London. Who would have thought that the Ritz would turn Casanova at night, or that huge pink roses would decorate the Carlton's restaurant? Of the givers of private dances, Lady Howard de Walden has once again proved herself supreme.

Jewellery this season has undergone considerable changes. Tiaras are worn everywhere, but they are not the old-fashioned Russian-priest variety. They are now slender and more like halos, being worn on the top of the head. Rubies have made a come-back among the precious stones, and aquamarines among the semi-precious, while diamond stars in the hair have become almost too common, although a pretty fashion.

The prettiest débutante has undoubtedly been Lady Isabel Manners, daughter of the Duke of Rutland. She is quite beautiful. The Duchess of Kent certainly takes first place as the belle of the season. The stories of her beauty have been so widespread that for the first time that I can recall it, people in the Royal Enclosure at Ascot stared obviously at the royal box.

Which brings me to one of the most ill-advised statements that I have read in the newspapers for a long time. Mrs. Mollie Castle announced in the leader page of the newspaper for which she writes, on Wednesday of last week, that she had got into the Royal Enclosure two years ago with a badge which did not belong to her, and spent all day there. I expect the Ascot office would like to know who the lady was who sold her pass.

The running of Brantome was the chief event at the Royal Meeting. As to Bahram, what could have been more suitable in a Jubilee season than that the Derby should be won by the redhot favourite? Of course there are always people who would sooner lose money on a 20 to 1 chance in

the hopes of finding something to beat the favourite than win on an even money chance.

The most important engagement of the season so far has been that of the Duke of Roxburghe to Lady Mary Crewe-Milnes, and that of Lord Curzon to Miss Priscilla Weigall. The smartest wedding was that of Lord Birkenhead to Miss Sheila Berry at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The strangest story of the season was of the challenge issued by a noble lord to a well-known American polo player to fight a duel in Germany, which the well-known American polo player declined without thanks. Meantime, the ranks of the married couples in the supper crowd are again being heavily depleted, as a glance at the list of cases to be heard in the next divorce list will prove.

We are already becoming accustomed to calling Princess Mdivani by her new name of Countess Reventlow, though at the time of writing she has not yet appeared with her jade, rubies, charm, and new husband. The most important baby born in the last few weeks has been Master Llewellyn Rhys, who becomes the first grandson both of the Duke of Wellington and Lord Dynevor.

In the theatre, Tovaritch has been the outstanding success of the Jubilee season. Many of the quite good shows which were put on for the Jubilee itself died as a result of the public celebrations, the floodlit palaces, and above all the restrictions of the West End streets.

To go back a little further, it was Gerald Brockhurst's Royal Academy, just as it was Gerald Kelly's last year. To go back still further, plover eggs (labelled of course as Dutch) once again made a welcome appearance in most of the smart restaurants.

Politically, the changes in the Cabinet have been effected without any friction or surprise. The Socialist Party has never been at a lower ebb than it is at present. They have no leaders, no apparent programme, and no enthusiasm. All that has happened is that they have been made slightly uncomfortable by the ill-mannered vapourings of Sir Stafford Cripps.

There have been no outstanding best sellers, though I see that my brother Robert has got the Hawthornden Prize with his two Claudius books. The chief event in the sales-rooms has been this week at Christie's. I refer of course to the sale of Pierpont Morgan's collection of miniatures. Prize fighting has been at a remarkably low ebb. There was not a single worth-while scrap between the last Petersen-Neusel fight and the one this week. Poor old George Cook has had to bear the brunt of Spanish and negro heavy-weights, and an effort has been made to bring McCorkindale back to the position he occupied two years ago. The only bright spot in this aspect of the Jubilee season has been the brilliance of Freddie Miller, the world's champion, who has had almost a fight a week. Unfortunately for Londoners, his bouts have been mostly in the provinces.

As far as I can gather no new hosts or hostesses have appeared on the scene, unless one can count Mrs. Manville Gould, an American, who gave two remarkable parties at each of which the tablecloth was of centuries-old rose pink lace.

As for clothes, they have gone rococo in the most deliciously sugary manner. Women seem to be determined to show us that they can be dressed in a thoroughly impractical way while leading a tough modern existence, and so they wear as many flowers as a brand new gravestone. Fresh flowers in their hair, orchids on their shoulders, flowers round their waists, and each one of the most expensively frail variety. Their evening dresses are cut on flowing lines with ruffles and frills all in the sheerest materials, and yet they somehow manage to be sophisticated. Schiaparelli's soft Indian gauzes with gold threads have torn up the town, and women have lost their heads inside her sari top-pieces. Transparent net capes of every length give a sort of love-in-the-mist finish to evening clothes and allow the woman's shoulders and arms to gleam through them. Even day dresses and hats have gone romantic once more.

In conclusion, Grace Moore's success in *La Bohème* overshadowed every other artist including Supervia at Covent Garden, while the ceremony of Trooping the Colour was the first time that the Monarch was accompanied by all his four sons in uniform. For me it was quite the most spectacular event up to date.

ROYALTY HAS AIDED CHARITY GREATLY THIS SEASON: The Duke of Gloucester greeted on arrival by the Duchess of Sutherland; one of many personal visits by the princes to charity balls

nied by the Prince of
eir drive down the
o Day

THE SPLENDOURS OF IMPERIAL RUSSIA COME TO LIFE IN BELGRAVE SQUARE: A drawing made specially for "The Sphere," by Hookway Cowles. at the Russian Art Exhibition which was opened recently by the Duchess of Kent, and has attracted wide interest among art lovers

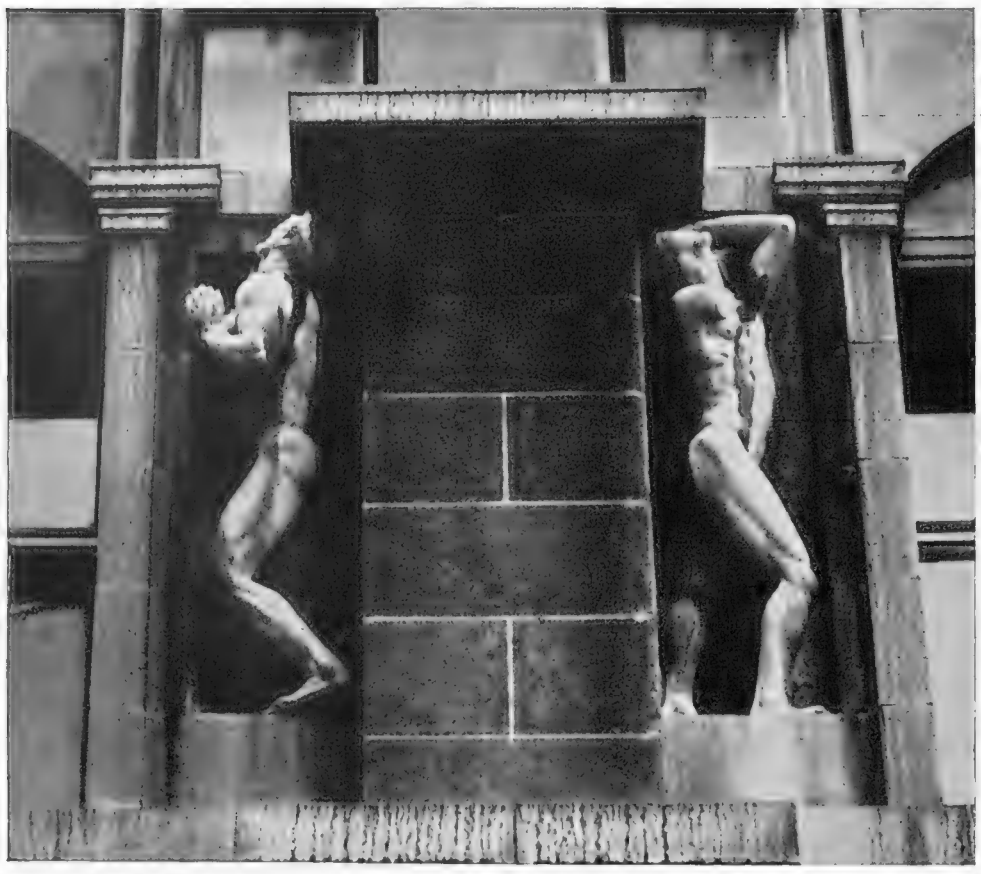
LONDON LIFE

AN EAST-END COVENT GARDEN: The new flower market at Spitalfields—an important development in London industry. The building is essentially modern, consisting of a spacious sales-hall, with lighting that will not injure cut blooms, a wide internal roadway, and roomy storing cellars

WEST-END FLORISTS are being quick to take advantage of Spitalfields' up-to-date facilities for flower-buying and transport, and the wholesale business is an expansive feature of the market

SIXTY PER CENT. OF THE CUT FLOWERS sold at Spitalfields are bought up by the East-enders, who, together with the dwellers in the Essex suburbs, represent the main body of retail customers. Flowers for the home are a regular item on the East-End housewife's shopping list, and she is now amply catered for, with a market at her very door

LORD DUVEEN'S GIFT OF SCULPTURE, which will be an impressive addition to the Tate Gallery collection, has necessitated the reconstruction of a part of the old building in order to make room for a new wing in which to house them



BONES OF CONTENTION

Two Epstein sculptures designed for a former medical building at the corner of Agar Street. Since the function of the building has changed the statues no longer have the virtue of appropriateness; their proposed removal has aroused much argument for and against. Most of the figures have suffered singular disfigurement by the weather

DOORSTEP DELIVERY? A curious incident occurred when the ropes of a Covent Garden lorry broke, and fruit and vegetables were shamelessly strewn over the elegant pavements of Berkeley Square. The scene is somewhat reminiscent of the Boston tea-party

THE NEW CABINET AT WORK

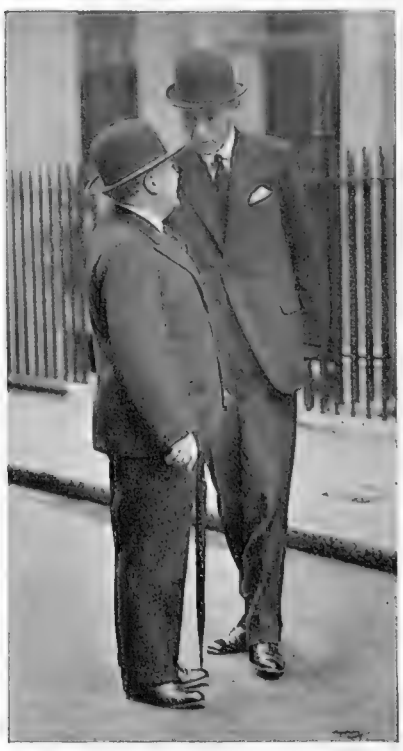
And the Home Secretary at Home

SIR KINGSLEY WOOD, MINISTER OF HEALTH: His recent post-office publicity campaigns have shown him to be the most progressive Postmaster-General of modern times

SIR PHILIP CUNLIFFE-LISTER, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR AIR: He has served the National Government from the start, first as President of the Board of Trade, and latterly as Colonial Secretary. He was educated at Winchester and Oxford

MR. OLIVER STANLEY, MINISTER OF EDUCATION, who entered the Cabinet in 1934 as Minister of Labour, after achieving distinction as Parliamentary Under-Secretary at the Home Office from 1931, and Minister of Transport from 1933. He is Lord Derby's second son

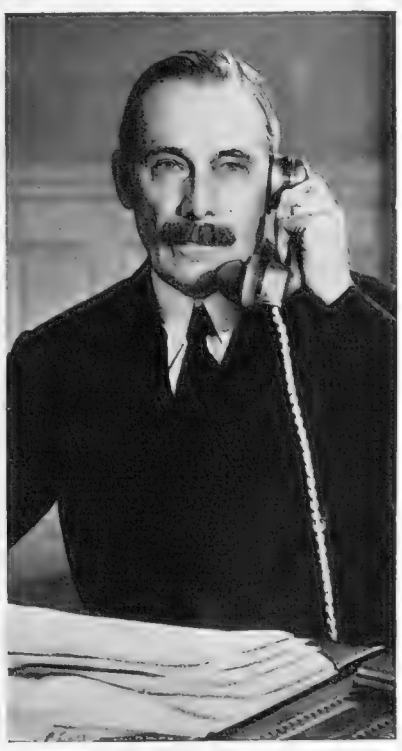
SIR JOHN SIMON, THE NEW HOME SECRETARY, who is succeeded by Sir Samuel Hoare as Minister for Foreign Affairs. Sir John's distinguished work in Indian and European politics has won him wide recognition. He is here seen in the midst of his family with Lady Simon seated second from the left



VISCOUNT HALIFAX, MINISTER OF WAR, seen in conversation with Sir Kingsley Wood (*left*) outside "No. 10." In 1925 Viscount Halifax entered the peerage as Baron Irwin, and a year later was appointed Viceroy of India

MR. ERNEST BROWN, MINISTER OF LABOUR IN SUCCESSION TO MR. OLIVER STANLEY: He joined the National Government in 1931 as Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health, and was Minister of Mines in 1932

MR. MALCOLM MACDONALD, COLONIAL SECRETARY, is the son of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. He entered Parliament in 1929 and in 1931 became Under-Secretary for the Dominions in the second National Government



SIR KINGSLEY WOOD'S SUCCESSOR: Major Tryon, who is the new Postmaster-General, but does not hold Cabinet rank. He served in the Ministry of Pensions for ten years

FRONTIER FISHING:

Angling for Trout in the Mountain Streams near the Italian and Austrian Borders of Jugoslavia, where the State Demands that Every Sportsman must be Accompanied Throughout the Day by a "Fischer" whose Duty it is to Confiscate the Catch

By NEGLEY FARSON

I AM fishing in a corner of Europe where three nations meet. I am in Jugoslavia. On my left a high range of snow mountains seems to hold up the clouds. On the far side lies Italy. A few miles on my right another row of white peaks forms the skyline. Beyond that is Austria. This, strangely enough, seems to have a great deal to do with the trout fishing.

THE ANGLER AND HIS SHADOW: Mr. Negley Farson (*left*), the author of the accompanying article, fishing in a Jugoslavian mountain stream. With him is a *Fischer*—a man whom it is extremely difficult to avoid and who is employed by the State to collect the catch which, if the fisherman cares to, he may buy back for 2s. a lb.

The speckled trout in these mountain streams are particularly fine, but—

"You must pay 150 dinars State tax," said the Authority.

That is about 15s., not much more than a trout licence in Somerset, but—

"You must pay 10 dinars every day that you fish."

"To whom?"

"To the State."

Well, 1s. a day was not much, but—

"You must give them all up. But you may buy them back for 45 dinars a kilo."

"From whom?"

"From the State."

"But they are *my* trout!"

"They belong to the State. All the trout belong to the State. If you do not want to buy them the State will not charge you for them. The State will keep them."

"Well, what next?"

"You must have a *Fischer*."

"Oh, come now!" I remonstrated. "Surely you don't mean that I have to take a man with me when I wade up these streams?"

The Authority nodded. He was a charming person. He wore a little green hunting suit, and had a chamois brush, a chamois badge, and a metal edelweiss attached to the stern of his green Jaeger hat.

"But I'm not a spy," I protested. "Surely I do not have to be watched all the time?"

"It is an Ordinance," said the Authority.

I attempted to defy it. The first day I went off by myself in a boat on the lake. I rowed to a remote elbow of it. I rose a 1½ lb. trout. And I lost it.

"*Schade!*" came a voice from the bushes on the bank. "What a pity!"

A man stood there eyeing me. He was not dressed in that soft Jaeger green. Yet I knew that his brown velvet suit was an official uniform of some sort. He did not wear a chamois brush, nor did he carry a shotgun on a sling.

"I," he said, "am the *Fischer*."

"How do you do," I said.

"*Gruss Gott!* God greet you!"

He smiled benignly.

"You must," he announced, "have a *Fischer*."

I now saw that on his back, instead of a rifle or a shotgun, was slung a little green barrel. It was like a monstrous green cigar with both ends clipped. I also saw that, argue as I might, I must have a *Fischer*.

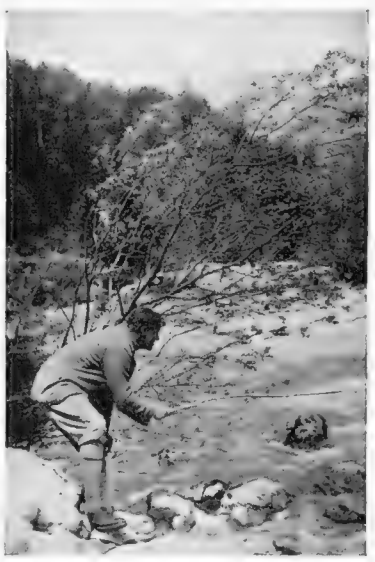
I put on my waders and we went up a stream. It is much easier to write that than it is to do it, for the *Fischer* made me climb a mountain first. Then we dropped down through the pines into a gorge of grey rock with a mountain stream racing through it. There were deep, bottle-green pools. But most of the stream was waterfall, rapids, or long slides down sheer shelves of rock.

These the *Fischer* approached in a crouching position, stalking carefully among the beds of blue gentian and anemones. "*Da!*" His finger pointed to some swirls of air-clear water. Lying behind a rock I saw a trout. Its back was so light in colour that it seemed almost transparent. Again and again I tried until the fly finally landed just above the rock, sucked round it in the eddy, and the trout took it.

He was about ¾ lb., apple-green, dappled with scarlet little spots. The *Fischer* took him carefully, opened a trap door, and slid him into the attenuated barrel.

That night when we came down the mountain I had six of these beauties splashing about in the little green barrel. Another day I got sixteen, three of which were well over a pound each. One day I got only three. But they were all over a pound each, and one was nearly twice that size.

But even if I had not caught one fish it would not have been a lost day. I fished up beside little villages whose wooden chalets, with their long overhanging eaves, seemed to be a part of these mountains. I caught the big fish below an ancient Catholic church on whose little white tower some peasant artist had painted a fresco of St. Christopher carrying Christ on his shoulder. And St. Christopher was wading in water as deep and as clear as the stream I was fishing. In all the villages the fire-engine is housed in a little white, shrine-like edifice, above whose door is a saint, dressed in the costume of a Roman centurion (with brass helmet), the most beatific expression on his face—pouring a bucket of water on a blazing peasant-house.



THE COMPLETE POACHER: How the angler avoided his unwanted shadow and enjoyed the fruits of a successful morning's fishing. *Left*—Having smuggled a trout-cast in his pocket, he left his hotel without arousing the suspicions of the *Fischer* and cut a sapling which he used as a rod. *Right*—Frying the fish in butter at lunch-time

In all villages the stable is half of the lower floor of each house. The valley is full of the tinkle of cow-bells at sunset. And in all villages every person who passes you wishes you "*Dobra dan!*" a good day; and the men doff their little green hats to you.

It is charming.

The first day I bought back my own fish. I paid 40 dinars (4s.) for just on 2 lb. of them. At 2s. a lb. that was more expensive than Harrods in London. But the landlady of my pension steamed them *au bleu*, and served them with miraculous mayonnaise and lettuce salad.

Then, I thought, why not let the State keep the fish? The State cannot eat them. There is no one around for the *Fischer*, the State employee, to sell them to but my landlady. If my landlady buys them, they will, eventually, return to me. As *truite au bleu*, I hoped.

On this day I saw something which convinced me that perhaps there was something in the Jugoslav's idea of having people watched along the Italian frontier. For when I climbed up to fish a stream on the edges of Italy I was stopped and interrogated by armed soldiers at almost every pool. Then, when I was becoming a bit irritated with this seemingly needless interference with my sport, I came out into an open space and saw that I was facing a Jugoslav frontier post. And here I saw two men being searched by the soldiery. They had unnaturally heavy rucksacks; and a lieutenant, seated on a chair, was making them unpack and display every article.

"Ha!" he laughed when he saw me, and pointed to the two unfortunates—"Italians."

"They think," he said, "that Jugoslavia is better than Abyssinia."

The two young Italian boys looked up at me and grinned. They had just come over the snow in the passes. Crawled down in the moonlight from Italy. In June, they said, Mussolini intended to call up a new class to send to Ethiopia. They weren't having any.

They were, in fact, Slovenes, and as such were anxious to get out from Italy any way. The Duce, they said, was trying to send all the young Slovenes to Abyssinia. If he could not send them as Fascists he would send them as a labour corps. It was one way of solving a minorities problem.

That day, in the deep swirling pools fed from melting snow, I took out sixteen of the most splendid trout I have landed for many a long day. I felt triumphant about it. With my plans well laid I told the *Fischer* that I would let the State keep them. Together we took them alive out of the barrel (which had been replenished with fresh water from the stream at about half-hour intervals), and together we slid them into the little retaining tank on the hotel lawn; this tank was fed with running water by pipes from the stream. That night before I ate my dinner, I went down and had another look at my little beauties. As I said, at least three of them were well over a pound.

The next day was Sunday, and I came in early and hungry from the row I had been having to work up the proper appetite. I found the hotel yard full of private motor cars. The luncheon tables had been placed out in the sparkling sunshine. They were full of laughing, happy, gluttonous people, all eating *truite au bleu* with mayonnaise.

The little tank was empty. I was given *Wienerschnitzel* and sauerkraut.

A MORNING ON THE LAKE: Mr. Farson with some of the appetizing speckled trout which he landed

A MASTER GARDENER'S GIFT TO THE NATION: A special "Sphere" picture of Gravetye Manor, East Grinstead, the estate which the late Mr. William Robinson, the celebrated horticulturist, bequeathed to the Ministry of Agriculture with a view to its being applied to the promotion of forestry. According to a letter written to *The Times* by Mr. Frederick J. Hanbury there appears, on account of the cost of maintenance, to have been a certain amount of hesitation on the part of the authorities concerned in accepting the bequest, but it is to be hoped that these difficulties will be overcome and that, as in the lifetime of Mr. Robinson, the public will have access to these gardens which have deservedly achieved such a wide fame

In Rural England Now

A New View of Gravetye Manor

SUMMER-TIME AMID THE LAKELAND FELLS: A shepherd taking his flock down to the pastures near Ennerdale Water, Cumberland. The rainfall here has been very considerably less than in most parts of England, and at the beginning of this month the farmers in the neighbourhood were said to be suffering from a shortage of water

"EAT, SING, DANCE, AND BE GAY, FOR OLD JACOB TERELL BE ONE HUNDRED TO-DAY": This was the theme song of the folk of the little village of Batson, near Salcombe, Devon, when they danced through the streets recently to celebrate the one hundredth birthday of a local worthy. The old man became so excited at the thought of the great day that he had to take to his bed and watch the rejoicings from his window

THE WORLD OF BOOKS:

Somerset Maugham at his Best in "Don Fernando" : The Second Volume of "The Torrington Diaries" Makes its Appearance : Memoirs of a Man of Action who has Spent Nearly Thirty Years in the Service of the Hudson's Bay Company

Reviewed by VERNON FANE

IT was always good fun to argue with the late George Moore; especially upon his antipathies, one of whom was Thomas Hardy. At a time when Hardy was very popular, and was even being respectfully treated by the intelligentsia, Moore was asked if he had an explanation for it. He had. "They must," he said, "have a Grand Old Man."

Looking round the contemporary field at the moment, it would be difficult to find the wearer of that mantle, though there be some who might discern it upon the still turbulent shoulders of George Bernard Shaw. With them I would not agree. The Grand Old Mandom is at present among situations vacant, though I suspect that more than one middle-aged novelist is being (as they say in American Presidential elections) groomed for the job.

For the manufacturers of bubble reputations, the seekers after leaders and founders of "schools," Mr. W. Somerset Maugham must present an awful problem. It is unthinkable that the popular clamour could be engendered by his fastidious art; it is reasonable that the heavy-witted should mistake his aloofness and objectivity for cynicism; it would be a miracle if they could properly estimate the mastery of his technique.

Yet in the realms of what is mysteriously called the higher criticism, where comparisons are eternally sought, we find the name of Somerset Maugham constantly being used as a touchstone of this, that, and the other literary ideal. It is a long way from this kind of appreciation to the popularity I have been discussing.

Maugham has no Lawrentian "message," nor seeks to create brave new worlds, nor even to give his own twist to old ones. No other living writer can so deftly invest imaginative pieces with the finish of apparently recorded fact (how many writers *dare* so much in the first person?). See how he achieves the flavour of strange places by studies of the human element in the byways of the world. Travel, fiction, scholarship (revealing deep research), and the drama; in them all he has worked with the same fastidiousness, with the same incomparable technique.

Somerset Maugham's DON FERNANDO (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.), is patently a book he has been working at all his writing life. Spain, its history, the Golden Age, and the Inquisition, its people, its cities, the country, its art, literature, and music, fascinated him as a young man; in his maturity he now tells us of the kind of novel he had planned, of the highways and byways he travelled to collect his material, of the great men whose lives he studied for the purpose, of the artists, architects, poets, dramatists, and novelists whose work engendered his reflections, and in the end we find he has written the book he pretends to have laid aside.

Don Fernando has, in fact, much the same form as the other books by Maugham, such as *On a Chinese Screen*, but in the long list it stands out as his best achievement. It is rich and full of the glamour of his subject but, like all great artists, he invests it with something of his own which neither scholarship nor research nor the colour of his material could provide without it.

For those who like a book over which they can browse and, in the odd half hour, dip into with the certainty of pleasure, the second volume of THE TORRINGTON DIARIES (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 18s.) will be really welcome.

Readers of the first volume will remember the peculiar quality of quiet homeliness with which this rural diarist of the eighteenth century invested his observations of the life around him. In this book the narration proceeds upon the same quiet way, although the reader is aware of the presage of stirring events, and with the unerring instinct of what is interesting in the contemporary scene.

THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY: A striking study of George Washington appearing in Count Michael de la Bedoyeré's biography of the famous statesman, which has just been published by Messrs. Harrap. The author, who is a great-nephew of Henry Labouchere, the Victorian Radical politician, had a distinguished academic career at Oxford, and is now editor of *The Catholic Herald*. He has also written a life of Lafayette

Memoirs of a different sort are to be found in AFTER ALL, by Elsie de Wolfe (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.). As the wife of a distinguished British diplomat in Paris, Lady Mendl has a world of fashionable elegance to draw upon; as an interior decorator of international repute she can take us with authority into the apartments of Park Avenue, the drawing rooms of Mayfair and the salons of Paris.

With such material at her command it only needs a memory for a good story, an ability to give life to her memories of the distinguished gallery of her friends, and an apt gift for description to make this a most readable book. It is all here.

I imagine that a good many people will also enjoy Mr. Raymond Blathwayt's LOOKING DOWN THE YEARS (Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.), who, from a sick bed, can still write cheerfully of "a host of famous friends and many golden days."

Mr. Blathwayt has a downright and very individual outlook of which the following are typical examples:—

> "What I missed more than anything else in America and the Americans was their total lack of background, the dreadful absence of antiquity, of anything that spoke of a past—for which, of course, poor dears, they are not to blame."

"I see that one of our great 'Society Leaders' is about to be married—Miss Baby Jungman. And I remember the day when our great society leaders were the Duchess of Norfolk, the Duchess of Buccleugh, the Duchess of Roxburghe, the Marchioness of Londonderry, and so forth."

The author knows America very well, particularly Hollywood, and, as you may gather, there is plenty of good entertainment in his book.

So there is in ARCTIC TRADER by Philip H. Godsell (Putnam. 10s. 6d.). Told in simple straight forward language these are the memoirs of a man of action who has spent nearly 30 years in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, mostly in the far-flung wastes of the Arctic circle.

Mr. Godsell has seen many changes in trading conditions during this time and there is plenty of excitement in his early adventures as well as good common sense in his comments on the march of "civilization" into those parts.

Mr. Adrian Stokes has written about the ballet before. In RUSSIAN BALLETS (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.) he goes further with an analysis and his own interpretation of the individual ballets in the repertoire of the company at present performing them. Balletomaniacs, such as were catered for in Mr. Arnold Haskell's valuable book, may not always agree with Mr. Stokes, but for the general reader, who is also an enthusiast, there is much that is attractive and a great deal of interest in this book. I liked the image of the Embankment gulls in the chapter of *Les Presages*. The illustrations are very good.

In the week's fiction I can recommend first a novel called MATTHEW'S PASSION by Michael Goring (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.). Mr. Goring, alias Nikolai Gubski, author of *Foreign Bodies* and *It's Silly Face* has, since he writes in English, chosen an English *nom de plume*. I hope his wisdom will find its reward among the libraries and booksellers.

Briefly it is a story of a man who falls in love, of a woman for whom his infatuation is an amusing adventure, and a wife who suffers in consequence. One would have thought that all the tune and most of the entertainment had been walloped out of that old triangle, but in Mr. Goring's skilful hands it takes on a fresh reality. There is much to admire in the author's subtlety in the treatment of an intelligent man falling in love and becoming completely unbalanced thereby.

It is a story which lingers in the memory, with an odd character in it who, superficially fantastic, yet contrives to be convincing.

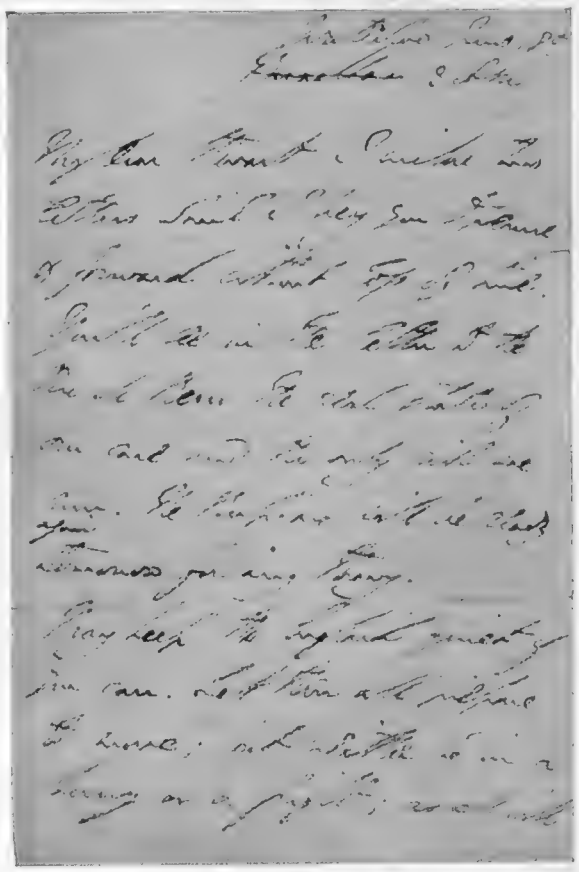
For the discerning, on the look-out for a new writer who will assuredly become important, I would recommend WHAT THE SWEET HELL, by Peter Chamberlain (Chatto. 7s. 6d.).

A collection of short stories can be as diverse, yet on the whole as satisfying, as a dish of *hors d'œuvres*. Mr. Chamberlain has been accused of owing something to Mr. Hemingway. I think none the worse of him for that. All art is derivative, and if he has studied that of the short story (and he indubitably has) he must have noted the influence even though (as I would like to think) he has never read a word of Hemingway.

The nervous tension of his style is individual enough to be his own: no writer without considerable talent could have achieved the level of excellence of these stories. If he can keep it up he will go a long way.

The sophisticates will find much to chatter about in another book of short stories, BACK CHAT, by Barbara Back (Heinemann. 7s. 6d) for they will find in it the traffic of Mayfair's ladder, pitched between Maugham and Michael Arlen.

Not that Mrs. Back can write anything more masterly than is carried in the average magazine, but if you like a taste of high life with the lid off, here it is, de-lidded and unashamed.



WRITTEN ON THE FIELD OF WATERLOO: This letter from the Duke of Wellington to Sir Charles Stuart, British Minister at The Hague, is the property of the Earl of Abingdon and, with other historical manuscripts, is to be offered for sale at Sotheby's on Wednesday, July 3. One of the most interesting passages in the document emphasises the Duke's confidence in the outcome of his engagement with Napoleon. It runs as follows: "Pray keep the English quiet if you can. Let them all prepare to move, but neither be in a hurry or a fright as all will yet turn out well"

A BOOK LIST

MACMILLAN.—MUNDOS: An Unfinished Novel. By Stella Benson. 7s. 6d. MORE PLAYS. By Lennox Robinson. 5s. WILD FLOWERS OF THE GREAT DOMINIONS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE. By the Lady Rockley, C.B.E. Illustrated. 16s. SIR WALTER RALEIGH. The last of the Elizabethans. By Edward Thompson. Illustrated. 15s. WHITE MAN'S COUNTRY: Lord Delamere and the Making of Kenya. By Elspeth Huxley. Illustrated. 2 Vols. 25s. JOHN MURRAY.—VALIANT DUST. By P. C. Wren. 2s. WEEK-END AT FORTHRIES. By C. E. Lawrence. 7s. 6d. PETER DAVIES.—I'LL CHANGE THE COLOUR: or a Letter from a Girl to Her Own Old Age. By Meave Kenny. 7s. 6d. D. APPLETON-CENTURY COMPANY.—BETWEEN MURDERS. By Sherry King. 7s. 6d. DUCKWORTH.—CAPTAIN COOK. By Lieut.-Commander R. T. Gould, R.N. (Great Lives). 2s. ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By D. W. Brogan (Great Lives). 2s. ARTHUR BARRON.—PSYCHE AND EROS, ROMEO AND JULIET. Two Poems by James Kennedy. 2s. 6d.

FOR CAREFREE HOLIDAYS

Frocks that Stand Up to the Sun and Enjoy being Washed!

Here's a perfect outfit, comprising shirt, shorts, and a wrap skirt, made in gaily patterned Seersucker cottons (which don't have to be ironed) and all for £1. The three garments are very well cut on figure-flattering lines, and there is a grand choice of colours. From Swan and Edgar

second frock in Macclesfield washing silk, is time in any pastel shade. It has a yoke th stitched ends which give a draped effect the front, and it has a wide stitched belt. ats at each side of the front and back nel give movement to the hem. This costs s. 6d. and it, too, comes from Marshall d Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, London, W.

Perfect for any informal occasion, this frock of Macclesfield washing silk, striped in red, blue, and black on a white ground, fastens from neck to hem, and is worn with a wide petersham belt. It costs 84s. in the Inexpensive Department at Marshall and Snelgrove, and is made in other colours

Peter Clarke

This is a linen year, and here is a charming little dress in heavy white linen patterned in red, green, navy, lupin, or brown. It has a pointed shoulder yoke and an inverted pleat at the back, with two low box pleats at the front. The price is 35s. at Swan and Edgar, of Piccadilly Circus, W.

ALFRESCO SHAKESPEARE IN IDEAL CONDITIONS: The arrival of real summer weather towards the end of last week brought hosts of play-goers to Queen Mary's Gardens, Regent's Park, where the Open Air Theatre's third season has just begun with *Twelfth Night*. In this picture, which was taken during one of the performances by a "Sphere" photographer, Antonio (W. E. Holloway) is on the extreme right, Olivia (Phyllis Neilson-Terry) is in the centre, and Sebastian (Hubert Gregg) is third from left

THOSE who may have imagined that the London School of Economics connotes only academic austerity will have their views changed by the reading of a book entitled *Life and Leisure*. Just issued as the result of the researches of that body, it is comprehensive, instructive, and not infrequently amusing.

That the cinema has become a part of London life to an extent the theatre never has is not news to any of us. But it is surprising to find the New Survey of London Life and Labour declaring with all the strength of officialdom that "girls are especial admirers of the (film) stars," and that "girls in all classes of society wear Garbo coats, and wave their hair *à la* Norma Shearer or Lilian Harvey."

I would question that "all classes of society" but for the most part these observations are profoundly true. If anything, they do not go far enough. The middle-aged also indulge in this imitative form of film-worship, and I have seen many a woman born in the days of Abraham Lincoln striving to look like Constance Bennett.

It is at the preliminary views of new films—the "trade shows"—to which I am not infrequently invited that the pseudo film-star is seen in all her poor little glory. The foyer and the corridors of the theatre swarm with near-Shearer and quasi-Crawfords; hair is combed and coiffed into Hollywood shapes, and eyebrows like the crescent moon are pencilled on this side of foreheads which have little if anything on the other side. They all want to look like—shall we say;—Grelian Harbo—and, by heaven, they very nearly succeed. One such devotee recently told me, in all earnestness, that the greatest ambition of her life is to be photographed beside her favourite film-actress. I think that would be an excellent plan. One laugh would do for both.

"Vintage Wine" revived and filmed.—A film which I have just sampled in advance—it is to be released shortly—is *Vintage Wine* (the play Sir Seymour Hicks has just revived at the Victoria Palace to replace the interesting but somewhat too melodramatic *The Miracle Man*). A first-rate film in every way, well produced, beautifully acted and perfectly photographed. What is more, it moves at the right pace, without any of those exasperating pauses and slow passages which spoil and render tedious so many British-made films. Sir Seymour, always brilliant, plays his original part, of course, in the wildest of good spirits, with moments of tenderness and pathos when the masquerade is discovered.

If there has been a better film performance anywhere than that of Miss Claire Luce as the young wife I have not seen it, Miss Luce has on the screen, as on the stage, that inestimable gift of repose; she never makes the slightest gesture unless there is a meaning attached to it. When she has to tackle a scene of tragic significance, her power and sincerity are therefore the more effective. And a quiet, shy sense of fun rarely leaves her. Except for Miss Eva Moore in the place of Miss Julia Neilson as the old grandmother, the film cast is virtually the same as that at Daly's. Mr. Michael Shepley is particularly good as a bovine Englishman.

STARRING AT THE SAVOY: La Jana (*left*), an accomplished dancer, and Jacqueline Francell (*right*), a newcomer to England from Paris, who are playing in Kurt Weill's latest light opera *My Kingdom for a Cow*. To avoid clashing with *Love Laughs* . . . at the Hippodrome, the first night was postponed till Friday of this week

AT THE MERCY OF CONFLICTING LOYALTIES: The novelist (Gary Cooper) and the peasant girl (Anna Sten) with whom he falls in love notwithstanding his affection for his wife.—A scene from *The Wedding Night* at the London Pavilion

Some Shakespeare.—A pleasantly Shakespearean week consisted of *Twelfth Night* in the wet and *Hamlet* in the dry. Mr. Sydney Carroll has expressed, from the trees and bushes of Regent's Park, his appreciation of the performance of Mr. Michael MacLiammoir within the comfortable brick walls of the Westminster Theatre, and I am in full accord with him.

PLAYS

I am not here going to revive the ancient and fish-like topic of whether or no Hamlet was mad. This representative from Ireland indicates that condition without gibbering or laying too much stress on it; the mad scene of the MacLiammoir is not the mad scene of Lucie di Lammermoor (and, incidentally, is much more musical).

Mr. MacLiammoir suggests virility to a far greater extent than London's favourite Hamlet of last year, who, indeed, did not suggest to me virility at all. He has a fine voice which he is not afraid to use; and, unlike several immediate predecessors, he has made up his mind that Shakespeare wrote some rather good language here and that the audience had better hear it. I am sick of confidential Hamlets who get away with it on the score of "subtlety." What is the use of being subtle if one is two-thirds inaudible?

True, Mr. MacLiammoir, for all his good looks, is not a graceful prince. But perhaps it was not a graceful age; they were more concerned with realities in gloomy castles in Denmark in those distant days. With the exception of Mr. Hilton Edwards' admirable King Claudius the remainder of the company did not rise above the efficient. The production is good and no silly tricks or modernistic experiments are attempted. There might have been more light.

"Twelfth Night."—The weather was not kind at the opening performance of *Twelfth Night* in Regent's Park; although it improved later the afternoon became, for the audience, a rather peripatetic one. All the more credit, therefore, to the general excellence that illusion was preserved and a sense of enjoyment retained in the face of natural obstacles. This play has long been Mr. Carroll's outstanding success, and "When in doubt, play *Twelfth Night*" is a safe motto where the Gardens are Botanical.

There are some worthy new-comers, notably the vivacious Miss Lesley Wareing, who has been doing such good work at the Ambassadors. She plays Viola as if she thoroughly enjoyed it. So did I; I enjoyed her gaiety and her touches of tom-boyishness as well as her more serious moments. It is easy to overdo the *falsetto* funniments of Sir Andrew Aguecheek (who, with the possible exception of Les Gobbos, is the least amusing of all Shakespearean clowns, which says a lot), but Mr. John Laurie refrained and played the part in admirable style. Mr. Hubert Gregg's Sebastian is sound enough, and Mr. Peter Glenville showed us the sort of Orsino I would always back.

AND FILMS

Seymour Hicks Excels in the Screen Version of "Vintage Wine" : "Twelfth Night" in Regent's Park, and "Hamlet" at the Westminster

Reviewed by
PHILIP PAGE

Of previous casts there remains Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry as Olivia—the flamboyantly grand manner of the old tradition—Mr. Robert Atkins' genial Sir Toby, Mr. Leslie French as Feste (quite Feste-rate), and Mr. Baliol Holloway, who showed decent restraint in the more clownish aspects of Malvolio.

The Russian Ballet.—The Russian Ballet at Covent Garden are undergoing a period of reaction. This I find pleasant not because I am a stick-in-the-mud Tory over matters terpsichorean, but because I venture to consider that when grotesque and odd ballet paths are explored, it is very rarely that anything of interest is found. The "new" ballets of the later Diaghileff era were, most of them, not only precious but precious dull. Many have been dropped from the repertory altogether and few regret their passing. More novelties will, of course, appear from time to time, for the art of ballet cannot stand still, even if the number of permutations and combinations (in the strictly mathematical sense) of which the human body is capable in the matter of gesture is inevitably limited.

But for the time being revivals of famous ballets of the fairly long ago are proving acceptable, notably *Aurora's Wedding*, which has the classical choreography of Petipa, and *Scheherazade*, that gory episode of lust and slaughter which we used to think so very barbaric and daring in the days just before the war. *Scheherazade* would shock hardly anybody nowadays; it is just a beautifully conceived and dramatic piece of work, and it does not date. Rimsky-Korsakoff's music, on the other hand, does date, fine and colourful though it is. The constant repetition of one theme in the long overture—hardly any attempt is made to develop it—seems very thin to-day, and we have learned a thing or two about orchestration since then.

Aurora's Wedding, which I once saw in St. Petersburg when the city bore that name, is a spacious and gorgeous spectacle of Court officials, Masters of the Ceremonies, processions of courtiers, State minuets and polonaises and of all the appurtenances of Imperial Russia, conceived and executed with a splendour which should make Lenin whiz in his grave. The chief official did nothing in particular beyond wearing a magnificent costume, but he did it very well. He summoned ballerina after ballerina to dance to us. Mlle Tchernanova is technically brilliant, but still lacks grace and her energy is often so ill-concealed that it spoils her sense of rhythm. She should sit and watch Mlle Danilova for hours and ask her for a tip or two, if this sentence does not promptly put an end to their acquaintanceship.

Mlle Riabouchinska is still incomparably the best of Col. De Basil's "children," and her "Blue Bird" dance brought the house down (in spite of the fact that at the opening performance it brought her down too. Covent Garden's stage can be rather tricky).

Le Bal has been another revival but a comparativly modern one, the choreography revived by M. Massine. It is an attractive trifle of no great value, and marred by one crude attempt at humour—a male dancer being intentionally clumsy in the costume of a ballerina. If there is anything more exasperatingly unfunny even than operatic burlesque it is these burlesques of classical dancing, and the Russian Ballet, which jokes with difficulty, is not the place where one would expect to find them. Much better to leave their stuff to Nervo and Knox, who can be funny with anything.

Mlle Riabouchinska, Mlle Grigorieva and M. Shabelevsky kept *Le Bal* a-rolling and Signor Chirico's colour treatment was a cool delight.

A REALISTIC FILM OF THE AMERICAN CRIME WAR: The five "stills" shown on this page are taken from *G-men*, the dramatic, new Warner Brothers picture at the Regal, Marble Arch, which has as its theme the daring work done by the agents of the U.S. Department of Justice in their efforts to break down the gangs which have for so long been such a menace. *Left*—Collins, the Public Enemy No. 1, is cornered by one of the "G-men." *Right*—A gangster waits for his man

CHECKING BRUTE FORCE WITH BRUTE FORCE: "G-men," with instructions to kill if any resistance is offered, engaged on a hectic chase in search of one of the gangsters. They carry machine guns with them in their car so they can meet their desperate opponents on equal terms. On the extreme right is James Cagney, who plays the lead

AT BAY: *Left*—Two gangsters fighting for their lives as Federal men attempt to capture them. *Right*—In the clutches of the law. The film has been warmly praised by the critics partly because it goes with a magnificent swing from start to finish, and partly on account of sparkling dialogue and a leaven of good comedy. The story, which is based on actual incidents that have taken place during the past few years, is in many ways comparable to the Dillinger affair

A MASTERPIECE OF FIFTEENTH-CENTURY MILITARY ARCHITECTURE: The lovely old chateau of Langeais which was bequeathed in 1904 to the Institut de France. It was there that the marriage of Anne, Duchess of Brittany, to Charles VIII, King of France, was solemnized in the year 1491

In the Garden of France

Ancient Castles near the Broad and Stately River Loire that Provide a Never-Failing Attraction Alike for the Lover of Beauty and the Student of History or Architecture

IT is sometimes said that in the whole of Europe there are only two landscapes that give an impression of perfect natural æsthetic harmony. One of them is Florence and its surroundings. The other is Touraine. And Touraine is more than simply a beautiful countryside; it is the setting against which some of the most brilliant scenes in the long pageant of French history have been enacted.

The Loire is a noble river. It flows between broad banks of silver green, reflecting the soft blue of the sky—this is a world of curiously soft colours—and the weathered stone of ancient citadels and bridges. Like all rivers, but more than most, it has the "personality of a living being." When in late summer it is very still, stirring only slightly on its sandy bed, one has the impression of a great spirit stirring and sighing in its sleep. Then, at the time of the spring floods it is transformed into an angry yellow torrent, fretting and chafing at the restraint of its banks, and sometimes rising and rising until at last it breaks through them, and spreads out, still, sullen and exhausted, over the neighbouring fields. Then again, there are other seasons when it flows quietly, with an air of slow majesty, as if conscious of its great age, of its place in history, of the essential nobility of its fine, sweeping curves.

For ten centuries the dwellers in the Loire valley have been subject to the mood and temperament of this river and have built dams and dykes to defend themselves against the destructive rage with which sometimes it seems to become possessed. Actually, there has been no really serious flood now since 1910, and perhaps the Loire is finally tamed . . . perhaps it is really getting old—old and weary—and thinking regretfully of the past, of the dead centuries when it carried kings and queens and all the nobles of France, and its waters used to lap the bows of ships bringing in rich cargoes from the East and from far America to Tours and Blois. The sailing ships have gone, and the only traces of them that remain are the great iron rings in the quaysides to which they used to be moored. The kings and queens have gone, but they have left behind a more striking and, fortunately, enduring epitaph—the chateaux of the Loire.

To pick out and describe one or two of these at random is plainly insufficient; they belong together, they are part of the country as a whole. Yet to give to each the amount of individual attention it deserves, both from the historical and architectural points of view, would be far beyond the scope of a single article. One can only summarise, then, suggesting to the reader a few lines of further inquiry, and if one is going to the Loire to know something about the history of France is a compliment which the country will richly repay.

At Langeais—close to Tours—in a chateau which is of particular interest, because it marks clearly the transitional stage from the fortress of the Middle Ages, when the primary function of a building was to provide security against attack, and the country house of the Renaissance, when æsthetic considerations took the place of utilitarian ones. The two great round towers, at either side of the entrance gate, for instance, belong to the time when a round tower was an essential element of military defence. Their turrets, on the other hand, indicate the beginning of a feeling for grace and lightness. The turrets have no particular function—they are simply a way of making the place look less grim. And how extraordinarily well they succeed! Actually, the Langeais that we see to-day was built at the end of the fifteenth century, on the site of an older fortress, while in the grounds of the chateau are the remains, the ramparts and the donjon of an even earlier castle, said to date from the tenth century. From here, incidentally, one gets a charming view of the little town, which has a church with a belfry worth looking at closely.

Now consider Chambord—close to Blois—and observe what happens when considerations of military defence are really out of date: the towers, as such, are scarcely perceptible except as part of the general design, but a whole forest of turrets and cupolas has sprung up all over the roof, producing an effect which is (as no doubt it was intended to be) quite fantastic. It stands in the middle of an enormous, flat park, having been destined, in the first place, to serve as a shooting box for Francis I.

It was begun at the end of the first quarter of the sixteenth century, and when Francis died at the end of the second, only the centre of the building and the east wing were complete. Then Henry II, his successor, built the other wing, so that the chateau, as a whole, is completely representative of the spirit of the French Renaissance. It is wrong to think of the Renaissance in France as being simply an imitation of the Renaissance in Italy; and Chambord, which could never be mistaken for anything but French, derives an added importance from the way in which it refutes this idea.

A PALACE OF THE RENAISSANCE: The Chateau of Chambord which was built in the first half of the sixteenth century for Francis I whose favourite residence it became. 1,800 workmen are said to have been employed on it, and nearly £15,000,000 was expended. It contains 400 bedrooms and 63 staircases

Chambord did not provide Francis I. with his only architectural excursion in these parts. He was also responsible for the best known wing of the chateau at Blois, and it is not hard to recognize in the incredible wealth of carvings which adorn this, the same lavish spirit that inspired the Field of the Cloth of Gold. In passing, a word of counsel about Blois. It is as well to take this chateau easily: it is so big, so full of stories about royal marriages, royal assassinations, and royal escapes, that the visitor is liable to find himself suffering from a surfeit of French history, as well as being extremely tired, before he has "done" it all thoroughly.

More counsel: the country of the Loire, if one wants really to savour its atmosphere, is not to be rushed through in two or three days. Much better is to take as one's centre a place like Tours, and see it bit by bit from there. Tours itself is essentially a royal city—it belongs in spirit to those times to which the chateaux of the Loire take one back—and was, in fact, the favourite place of residence for every French king between Louis IX and Francis I. All too little remains to be seen of these past glories, it is true, but the place itself induces one to stay on there, and the cathedral, where, amongst other things, there is some splendid stained glass, can be visited with pleasure more than once.

TOURS CATHEDRAL: The beautiful building which is dedicated to St. Gatien who introduced Christianity into Touraine. It was begun in 1170 but not finished until the middle of the sixteenth century

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

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THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

PONT ABERGLASLYN: A Welsh mountain scene which few motorists pass without a stop to admire. The car is an Austin Eighteen, a model of stately line and ample accommodation

THIS week the Alvis car takes the predominant place in my notes. First of all the makers have introduced a new "Crested Eagle" model. This new car is of the town carriage type, and has been designed to provide a car of exceptional refinement and luxurious comfort, yet possessing the characteristic Alvis performance. There is no outstanding novelty in the chassis design, but independent front-wheel springing and steering are included. These features, of course, have been in production previously on other Alvis cars, so that they have been well tested, and their adoption in this case is just another proof of their efficiency. The general public may, perhaps, have the opinion that Alvis cars are primarily sports models, holding four people, or at the very most five, so it may be news to them to know that the limousine body on this new "Crested Eagle" chassis will give luxurious accommodation for seven persons.

The next news item concerning Alvis cars is the establishment of an ultra-modern Alvis Service Station on the Great West Road at Brentford. The building is of modern design, attractive in appearance and laid-out expressly for the purpose of servicing cars with the maximum of efficiency in the minimum of time.

Lastly, I would like to relate my impressions in a brief manner of a week-end test on one of the latest Speed-Twenty Alvis. The car in question was a Sports Saloon lent to me by Mr. Charles Follett of Charles Follett Limited, 18, Berkeley Street, London, W.1. Anyone who knows Mr. Follett, and has not previously had experience of Alvis cars which he handles exclusively in London and the Home Counties, would know by his genial manner that the cars for which he is responsible must be almost trouble-free. Naturally, no one expects trouble on a car during the short space of a week-end and I can confirm that I did not have any, but the Alvis car has a reputation, and a perfectly just one, for reliability and the ability to maintain its proficiency over a long period of time. I took the car over from Mr. Follett's premises in Berkeley Street on a wet evening about 6 p.m. Before I got to the end of Piccadilly I felt quite at home with the controls and I had not left the busy streets of the West End before I realised that in spite of its speed capabilities the Alvis Speed Twenty was quite a nice motor car to handle in town. At the same time the joy of being in control of a really fast car can never be properly experienced except in the open country. It was, therefore, with eager anticipation that I looked forward to the following day when I could put my foot down on the Oxford road.

The Alvis Speed Twenty is quite a large motor car and yet the engine has approximately a capacity of $2\frac{3}{4}$ litres. I did not have it weighed but it cannot be ultra-light for it looks substantially and solidly built. When I eventually got going, outside the various 30 m.p.h. limits, I found that the car appeared to enjoy 70 m.p.h. as much as I did. The 6-cylinder engine is well up to Alvis standards and is remarkably smooth throughout its range of revolutions. I did not have an opportunity of testing its maximum speed but I got more than half-way between the 70 and 80 m.p.h. marks. I know I was nowhere near its maximum but I do know that at the speed I attained I felt perfectly comfortable and happy and safe. The controls are nicely positioned and they work as they are intended to do. I would in particular like to pass an extra word of praise to the 4-wheel brakes, a feature which, in my opinion, is just as important if not more so, than the engine on a fast car such as this Alvis. The springing, too, gives comfort to the occupants, and at the same time is so designed as to give really good road stability. The Alvis gear-box boasts of synchromesh gears on all changes and in actual fact, perfectly silent changes can be made, both up and down, on all gears. I did experience, however, just a little stiffness in moving the gear lever from one gear to another, but I am informed that a week-end is scarcely long enough for a stranger like myself to become properly accustomed to the change of this box.

Summing up I must confess I had a very pleasant drive, but having some previous knowledge of Alvis cars, I anticipated a pleasant journey, and so was not surprised at the results I obtained.

I am afraid I have never been enthusiastic over the driving tests which are now compulsory. After questioning three friends who have been compelled to go through these tests I am still against them and if anything I think I am more confirmed in this opinion than before. As far as I can gather from the experiences in question none of the practical tests was of any value whatever, for had the applicants not passed them they would never have got much farther than fifty yards from their garage. In one of the practical tests the instructor who sat behind suddenly put his notebook or scribbling pad in front of the driver's eyes without warning, and told him to pull up as quickly as possible. Anything more ridiculous, and perhaps dangerous, it would be difficult to imagine, and for the life of me I cannot see when any driver is likely to meet such conditions in

(Continued on p. 594)

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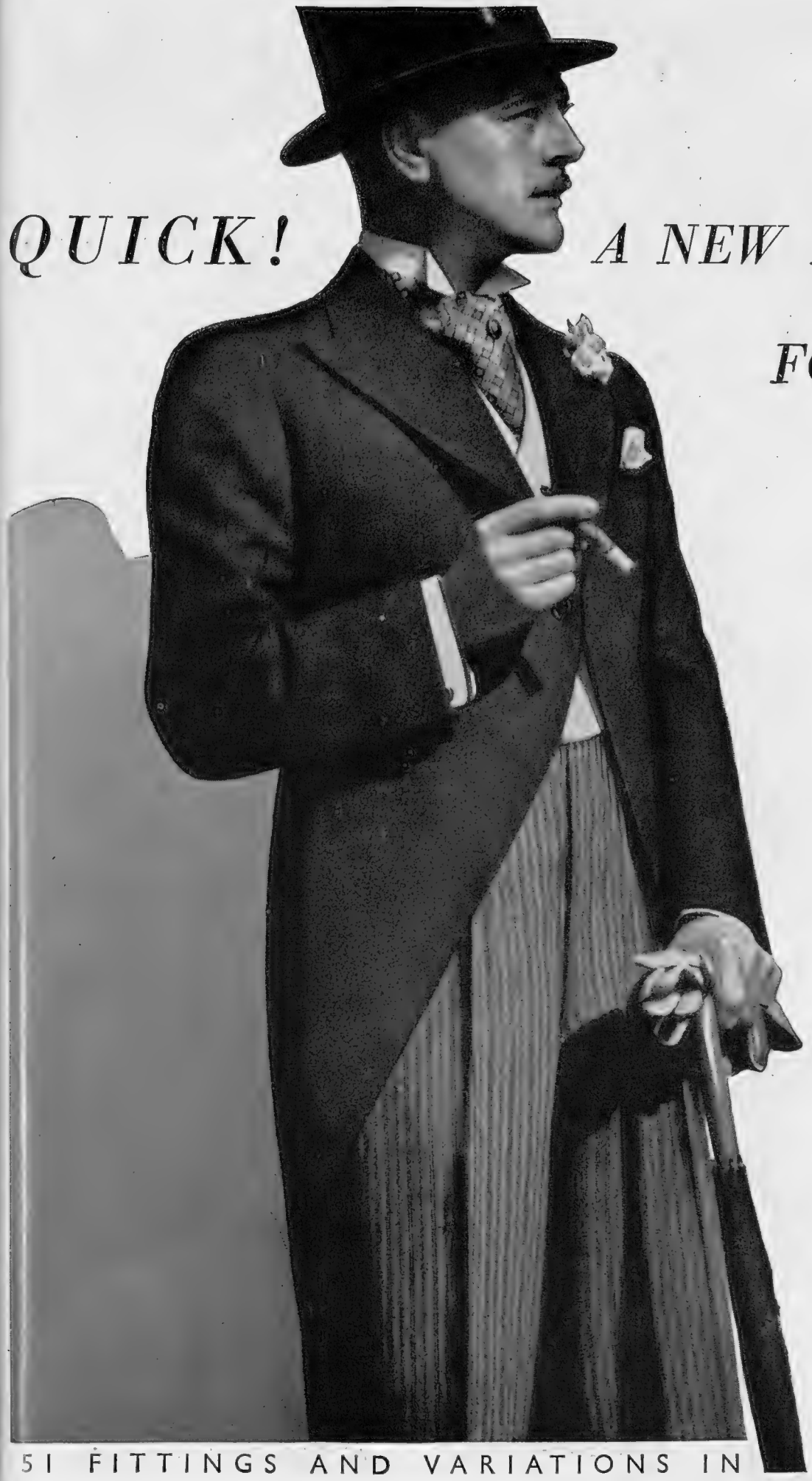

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P.1055

THE PETROL WORLD

(Continued from p. 592)

A NEW APPOINTMENT: Mr. W. C. Thorne, who has recently been made General Manager of India Tyre and Rubber Company, Ltd. Mr. Thorne is also a Director of the Inveresk Paper Company, Ltd.

ordinary driving. In none of the three cases was the applicant asked to restart his car when standing on an uphill gradient. To me such a test would be an important one, and one of practical utility. Then again if these driving tests are to have any practical value, the action of a driver when his car skids should be noted. I think it is a fairly safe bet to assert that not one in five people has had any practice whatever in trying to correct a skid, and in my humble opinion no driver is safe on the road unless he or she does know what to do when the car deviates from its appointed path.

The last few Sundays, when I have had to drive to London during the evening from the Oxford direction, have shown me that when one approaches the outskirts of London, such as Maidenhead, the 30 m.p.h. limits, which then become frequent, have the effect of slowing all traffic down considerably. In the actual limits usually one driver ahead elects to travel at 20 to 25 m.p.h. and the long string of vehicles behind him dare not pass, the result being a general procession at that speed. When the decontrol sign is passed this same driver either does not see that he is out of the limit, which, of course, is quite excusable under the present chaotic conditions, or he elects to increase his speed to 30 m.p.h. The stream of vehicles is so long that it is practically an impossibility to overtake the slow-moving leader. True, I have seen it attempted, and on many occasions the brave driver has very nearly caused an accident with traffic coming in the opposite direction. If we must have 30 m.p.h. limits in so-called built-up areas I think there is a very strong case for a minimum limit on the de-restricted stretches, at any rate during week-ends. I have advocated this minimum speed limit for many years in these notes, and although it may be a long time coming I feel convinced that some of us will live to see the day when a motorist will be summoned for not travelling more than 40 m.p.h. on straight open main road stretches.

I am glad to see that the R.A.C. has been placing some important suggestions regarding the 30 m.p.h. speed limit signs before the Minister of Transport. First of all the Club has urged the Minister to make it perfectly clear that the same consideration must be given by the highway authorities to the illumination of the "no-limit" signs as is given to that of the "limit" signs. Another very important recommendation which the Club has put forward is that the Minister should give serious consideration to the erection on unlit, but restricted roads, of small size repeater "limit" signs in a manner similar to the small "no-limit" repeater signs, which are now erected on lamp-posts on a road which has been de-restricted. It is pointed out that if a motorist mistakes a restricted road for a de-restricted one his folly will result in a fine, whereas if he continues to carry on at 30 m.p.h. where he is entitled to go faster he incurs no risk of penalty, yet the lamp-posts on de-restricted are, or are supposed to be, fitted with repeater "no-limit" signs.

The trouble is that the great majority of motorists are genuinely desirous of conforming with the law, but at present it is exceedingly difficult to be certain whether the road on which the motorist is driving is controlled or de-restricted. Personally, I think that the old method of painting red and white rings on all the lamp-posts in a limited area, as was done in the days of the 20 and 10 m.p.h. limits would be cheaper and just as effective as the suggestions made by the R.A.C. At any rate we must all be in agreement with the R.A.C. that something should be done to remove the genuine anxiety which besets law-abiding motorists at the present time.

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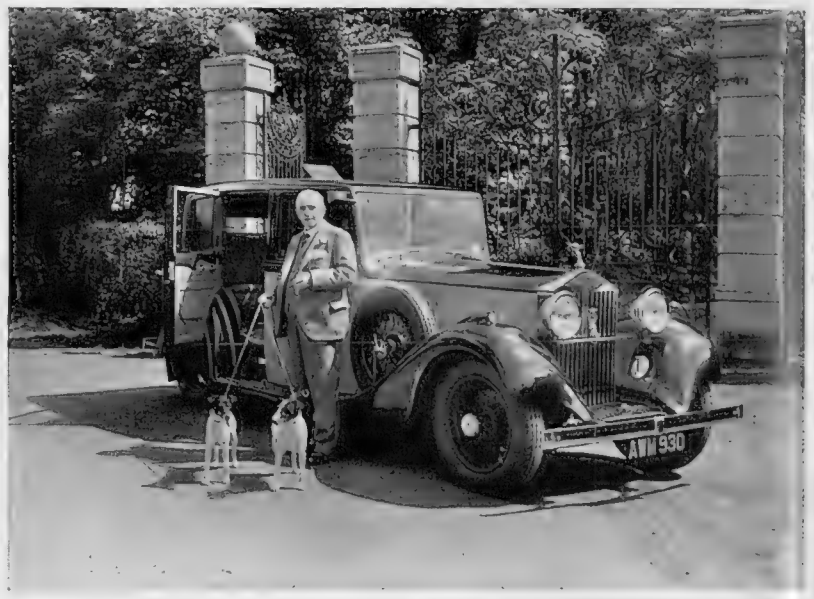

KNOWN TO EVERY DOG LOVER: Mr. Bob Martin, the Chairman and Founder of Bob Martins, Ltd., seen with two "friends" beside his Rolls-Royce car. Possibly he has contributed more to the improvement in the standard of fitness of dogs than any man in the history of dog-breeding

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THE ROAR OF THE MARKET

(Continued from p. 572)

along rather than imperil the delicate and ramified machinery of the capitalist system. And while the London Stock Exchange is divided between brokers and jobbers (members can be either, but not both), the jobber being the dealer who makes the price to the broker without knowing whether the latter is buyer or seller, the New York broker is everything—he accepts orders, deals, trades on his own account, and can do many other things which the British broker is forbidden to do in the public interest.

But comparisons are invidious anyway, and views about brokers anywhere fluctuate — like views about kings, politicians, generals, and witchdoctors—with the state of the politico-economic weather. When the market is rising, and almost everything they suggest or you buy goes better, they are hailed as shrewd, prescient, valuable fellows. But when slump follows boom, everyone throws his shares into a market where no one wants to buy them, and the citizenry loses its shirt, the broker is made the scapegoat. Doctor Johnson describes brokers as "rogues who deal in shares." But then he spoke at the time of the South Sea Bubble, the Big Crash of yesterday, and perhaps he had taken a flutter in the market and burnt his fingers.

GUIDONIA

(Cont. from p. 576)

Many problems connected therewith are still to be solved, and research work in this direction on a large scale is carried on not only at Guidonia but also by aeroplane motor manufacturers. Of unusual importance is the test plant erected by the Fiat Company at Turin, which is claimed to be the largest and most complete of its kind. The installation has been put up in a building erected for the purpose, and the object of the test plant is to test liquid and air-cooled motors at temperatures up to minus 58 deg. F. at an atmospheric pressure of 198·2 mm., corresponding to an altitude of 32,800 ft. The plant is installed in a vast hall of 98½ ft. by 85½ ft. which is divided into two bays, of which one contains the test cell and the other the refrigerating and air-conditioning machinery. The test cell consists of two huge welded steel cylinders each 62½ ft. long, and disposed parallel at different levels. The upper cylinder contains the testing compartment into which the motor is conveyed on rails. This compartment has a diameter of 8 ft. 10¼ ins. On the walls are the connections for the cooling water of the motor and of the exhaust gases, for the lubricating oil, for the motor spirit, air, etc. The lower cylinder is composed of the air-refrigerator and of the fan. The refrigerator of the circulation air consists of a cylinder of 11 ft. diameter and has a length of 16 ft. 5 ins. It is built of welded steel plates of ⅝ in. thickness. At both ends steel plates are fixed which have a thickness of 1⅝ ins. and through which 2,526 tubes of 1½ to 1¾ ins. diameter for the circulation of the refrigerating brine, and 31 draft tubes of 2⅛ to 3 ins. diameter for the refrigerating air are fixed. The fan has eight blades and is enclosed within a steel casing. It is driven by a distant controlled motor of 300-h.p. of 975 revs., which produce by means of a multiplier 2,400 revs., of the fan. The fan drives air at an artificially produced altitude of 16,400 ft. at a speed of 94 miles.

NOTABILITIES AT A FAMOUS FIRM'S OUTING: A group including Lord and Lady Reading, the Mayor of Margate, and Mr. Edward Baron (*extreme right*) at the annual outing of Messrs. Carrera's, the makers of "Black Cat" cigarettes, which took place last Saturday when employees of the firm journeyed to Margate by special trains

HOLLAND'S GREAT FLOWER SHOW

(Continued from p. 568)

and roses in a setting of rich soil. Blue irises with red and yellow roses; yellow irises with scarlet roses: white irises and pink roses, their gossamer petals covered with shimmering dew.

Eager to see more, yet reluctant to pass on, we enter the next section.

Now chrysanthemums of pure white in that fertile black soil of the Russian fields.

Then hortensias; a whole display of those big, domed flowers with their many petals in pastel shades of red, blue and pink. Whites in the centre create the illusion of a giant floral cockade.

Unable to discover the word hortensia in my dictionary, I became rather intrigued about its origin, and finally discovered that the flower was named after Queen Hortense of Holland who reigned in 1783 and had a consuming passion for—hortensias!

Dahlias came next, their sun-shaped petals a dull scarlet, while others of a rarer kind were a rich golden brown.

A short distance away lilac in white and shades of violet, psychologically an interesting paradox, for whereas to us their fragrance and delicacy are symbolical of romance, in Holland they are associated with death, and invariably grace a funeral procession. In any case a beautiful flower.

After that lilies, not only pure white as we know them, or white-flecked with purple and red markings, but a much rarer specimen—a terra-cotta miniature.

In the neighbouring display, another kind of miniature—dwarf cactus in a model hot-house this time.

Before the narcissi many people stopped long enough to disjoint the queue. These thoroughbred flowers with their petals of yellow or white, and their long, narrow leaves, have a languid droop that somehow gives them a patrician air most attractive to behold.

Next to them the less aristocratic peach blossom, an exquisite shade of pink vying with that of the wild roses.

Finally, as a grandiose gesture on the part of the exhibitors, comes the most wonderful display of carnations it is possible to imagine.

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Spa. — Grand Hotel Britannique. — 150 rooms with 'phone. 50 baths. Park. Garage. Tennis. R.A.C. From 12s. 6d.

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Paris.—Hotel Castille.—37, rue Cambon (Madeleine-Tuileries).—Ev. comf., priv. gdn., Amer. bar. Rm. fr. Frs. 25. Pens. fr. Frs. 50.

Le Touquet. — Hotel des Anglais. — In forest, adjoining Casino. 200 rooms with bath. Large park. Own 'bus to golf and sea.

Le Touquet (P. de C.).—Golf Hotel.—Facing the famous links. Privilege of daily golf vouchers.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing sea. Opp. swimming pool. 1st-cl. Residential hotel. Same management Hotel des Anglais in forest.

Royat.—Grand Hotel Majestic Palace.— Private park of 10 acres. Tennis Courts. Near Thermal Establishment.

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Berlin.—Hotel Alhambra.—Best quiet position at 68 Kurfürstendamm. Each room private bath, wireless, telephone. From RM. 8.

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Baden-Baden.—Badhotel Badischer Hof. —First-class Family Hotel facing the Kurpark and Casino. Own bathing establishment.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—Most beautiful position opp. Casino. Modernly renovated, 200 beds. Rooms fr. RM.4, Pension fr. RM.10.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.— Wholly renovated 1935, facing Kurpark, a home from home. Mngr's. wife English, prices mod.

Baden-Baden.—Golf Hotel.—(2 mins. from course, 18 holes). The ideal home for golfers & those who seek recreation. Full bd. fr. RM.9.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large park. Close Casino. Pension terms M.11 upwards. Personal management: H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Quellenhof.—Near Ther. bths., ev. cmft. Full pen. fr. RM. 7.50. Old Baden wineshop "Im süssen Löchel" fded. 1831.

Baden-Baden. — Haus Reichert. — Best position near Kurgarden and Casino. Every comfort. Rooms with breakfast from RM.3.50.

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Bad Ems.—State Hotels and Römerbad.— The two leading hotels, same management. All comfort. Pension from RM. 9.50.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.— Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM. 9.

Bad Nauheim.—Autors Hotel Prince of Wales.—Fam. Htl. prfd. by English. All mdn. comf. Mod. prices. ex. cuisine. Prop. A. Leuner.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Bristol.—Directly opposite the Baths. Pension arrangements from RM. 9. Manager: P. Bittong.

Bad-Nauheim.—The Carlton.—Old estab., comfortable, thoroughly up-to-date, exceptional position by park, 20 yards from Baths.

Bad Nauheim.—"Der Kaiserhof."—First-class Hotel. Lge. garden fcg. baths & Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension from RM. 11.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.— The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1935.

Bad Nauheim.—Palast Hotel.—First class in every way. Facing Baths and Kurpark. Pension from RM. 10.

Bad Nauheim.—Park Hotel.—First-class home comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Cologne.—Hotel Comoedienhof.—Dignified hotel with all comft. Nr. Cathedral. Rooms fr. RM.4, with p.b. fr. RM.8. Man. A. Grieshaber.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Grdn.-Pk. Terraces. Red. rates. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Düsseldorf.-Breidenbacher Hof.—Ldg. htl. Rm. fr. RM. 5, with bath fr. RM. 9. Amer. Bar. Orch. Gar. New Rest. "Breidenbacher Grill."

Frankfurt-am-Main.—Hotel Excelsior.— Left exit of Central Station. 300 beds, from RM. 4.

Garmisch (Bavarian Alps, Sonnenbichl). —Golf Hotel.—Facing the Zugspitze. First-class family hotel. Excellent cuisine.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Garmisch, Bavarian Alps.—Hotel Neu-Werdenfels. — First-class home comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Hamburg.—Hotel Atlantic.—On the Alster basin. Two minutes from the main station. Excellent Grill and Bar in new style.

Heidelberg.—Hotel Europe.—First class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from RM.5.

Heidelberg. — Reichspost-Hotel. — Highly recomd. by German and foreign Gde. Bks. Op. Cent. Stn. Wine & Beer Restnt. Pens. fr. Mk.8.

Heidelberg.—Victoria Hotel.—2 minutes from Station. 175 beds. Adj. Municipal Park. Well-known Family Hotel. Rooms from RM. 4

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest & most perf. htl-bldng. Select home of Internat. Socty. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Mannheim.—Palace Hotel Mannheimer Hof.—Latest Creation of European Hotel Technique. Mod. rates. 20 mins. drive fr. Heidelberg.

Munich. — Grand Hotel Continental. — First-class throughout, in quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.—Park Hotel.—Well-known family house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

Munich.—Hotel Grunewald. Opposite Central Station. 300 beds. Every comfort.

Stuttgart.—Hotel Graf Zeppelin.—Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

Stuttgart.—Hotel Viktoria.—Most distinguished world-wide known house. Seasonable terms.

Triberg.—Park Hotel Wehrle.— First class. Homelike. Full pension from RM. 9.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medical bath in Hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pen. fr. Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pen. fr. Marks 11.

Wiesbaden. — Palast Hotel. — First-class Hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM.10.

Wiesbaden.— Grand Hotel Kaiserhof. — 300 beds. 1st-cl. in quietest position in own large Park. Thermal Water, Swmg.-pool. Carl König.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—Wld.-rend. Finest pos. op. Pk. & Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. best Brit. Soc. Pens. fr. Mks.12.

ITALY.

Baveno (Lago Maggiore).—Hotel Bellevue. — The Leading Hotel. On the lake. Private bathing beach. Tennis. Mod. terms.

Colle Isarco (3,281 feet).—Dolomites.— **Hotel Gudrun.**— Every comfort. Moderate terms.

Rome.—Eden Hotel.—First class. Central and quiet location with splendid view over town and park. Reasonable rates.

SWITZERLAND.

Basle.—Three Kings Hotel (Trois Rois). On the Rhine. The Leading House.

Geneva.—La Residence.—1st-cl. Resid. All comf. Spl. roof-gdn. Tennis. Open-air rest. Marv. view on lake & mntns. Pens. fr. Frs. 10.

Gunten.—Park Hotel.—Full south on lake front. First-class family hotel. Bathing. Tennis. Golf. Pension S. Frs. 13 up.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.0.0.

Lausanne-Palace-Beau-Site. — First-class at reasonable rates. Excellent cuisine. Nicest position. Park. Garage. Priv. Tennis. Golf.

Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.—1st-class. Finest situation on lake. Resnble. terms. Private lake baths free for guests. Park. Tennis. Garage.

Lucerne. — Hotel Du Lac. — Rooms from Frs. 6. First class. Pension from Frs. 14.50. Always open.

Lucerne. — The National. — Best location, direct on lake. All sports. Room from Frs. 8, Pension from Frs. 18. Director: A. de Micheli.

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Montreux.-Montreux Palace Hotel.-Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rooms fcg. lake. Mod. comf. Golf, tennis. Lge. pk. Gar. Beach.

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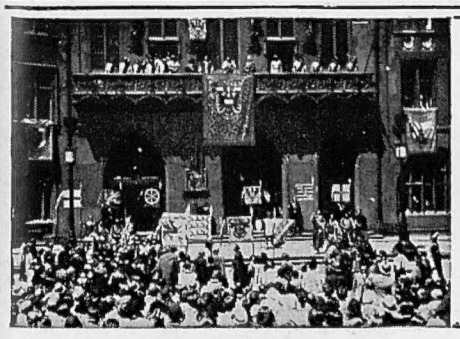
Zermatt (5,315 ft.).—**The 8 Hotels Seiler.**— 1,000 beds. Full pension rates from Frs. 9, 10 and 12.50 upwards.

Zurich-Dolder. — Dolder Grand Hotel, 1,900 ft.—Golf in front of Hotel, wonderful view. Swimming pool. Ideal for after-cures.



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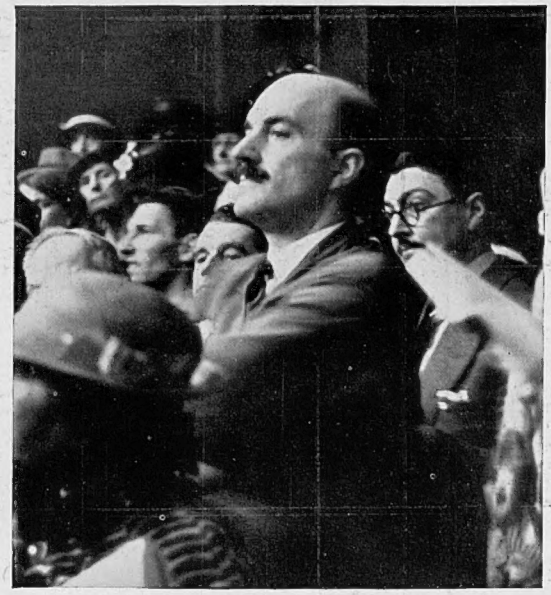
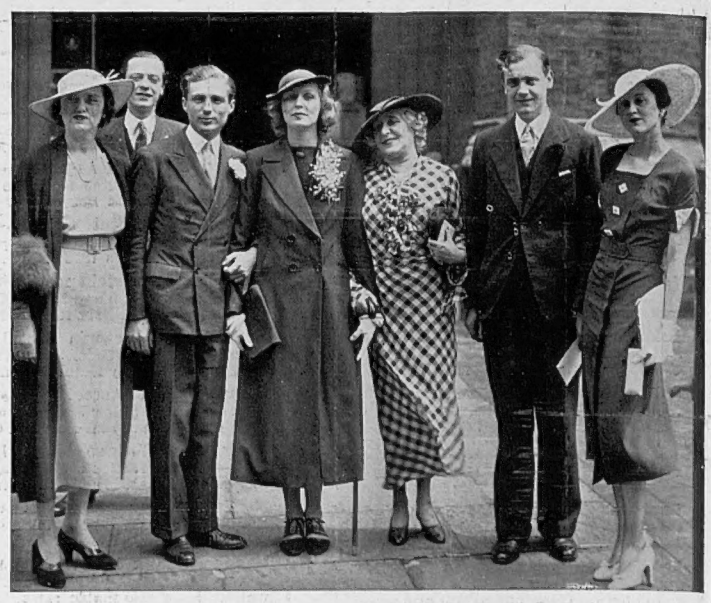


STUDIES AT THE GREAT PIERPONT MORGAN SALE AT CHRISTIE'S: Above are two of the under-bidders for the Armada Jewel, given by Queen Elizabeth to either Sir Francis Walsingham or Sir Thomas Heneage in commemoration of the victory over the Spanish fleet; on the left Mr. George Robey, who bid up to £1,100, and on the right Dr. Beets of Amsterdam. The miniature enclosed in the jewel, although unsigned, can probably be associated with the work of Nicholas Hilliard



THE QUIET INFORMAL WEDDING of Earl Poulett to Miss Oriel Ross, the well-known actress, was held on June 21 at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. In the above group, from left to right, are Lady Poulett, mother of the bridegroom and formerly Sylvia Storey the actress, Lord Poulett, Miss Oriel Ross, Mrs. C. B. Cochran, Mr. Haden, and Lady Bridget Poulett

The Armada Jewel Bought for the Nation

THE rooms at Messrs. Christie's were justly crowded on June 24, when the celebrated collection of miniatures belonging to Mr. Pierpont Morgan was put up to auction. Although the sale of the Armada Jewel was, as had been anticipated, the outstanding event of the day, the highest bid occurred in the auctioning of Holbein's portrait of Mrs. Robert Pemberton of Lancashire, which was painted on a playing-card, and is only two inches in diameter. The Armada Jewel is a pendant enamelled in gold and set with small jewels, bearing in the front a gold bust in profile of Queen Elizabeth. Amid loud cheers it was announced on Monday that the jewel had been bought for the nation, Lord Wakefield paying £2,835 for it, and presenting it, through the National Art-Collections Fund, to the Victoria and Albert Museum

LORD DUVEEN, who paid the highest price, £6,195, on the opening day at the Pierpont Morgan sale, purchasing the beautiful Holbein miniature of Mrs. Pemberton, which comes into his possession for the second time, and is to be once more put up for sale

"MINNIE MOUSE" AIDS CHARITY: Mr. Walt Disney, the famous creator of Mickey Mouse, who is now on a visit to England, appeared at the Westminster Hospital in the interests of the Rebuilding Fund, and appropriately demonstrated the work of the hospital by testing "Minnie's" heart, to the amusement of the crowds on the steps

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Hastings.—Albany Hotel.
Ilfracombe.—Ilfracombe Hotel. Telephone 23.
Leamington Spa.—Regent Hotel.
Llandrindod Wells.—Rock Park Hotel. Tel. 2.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Paignton.—Redcliffe Hotel.
Ramsgate.—Granville Hotel.
St. Leonards.—Adelphi Hotel. 100 rms. Garage.
Scarborough.—Grand Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Shaldon, Teignmouth.—Dunmore Hotel.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Hydro Hotel, Daddyhole Plain.
Torquay.—Imperial Hotel.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Weston-super-Mare.—Royal Hotel. Sea front.
Whitby.—Royal Hotel.

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(Kensington).—De Vere Hotel. West 0051
South Kensington Hotel.
The Stafford Hotel, St. James's, S.W.1.

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NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.

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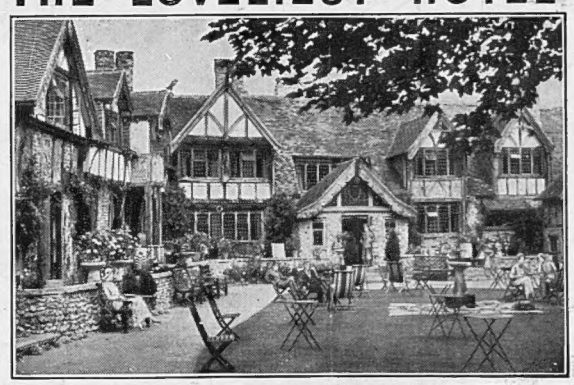

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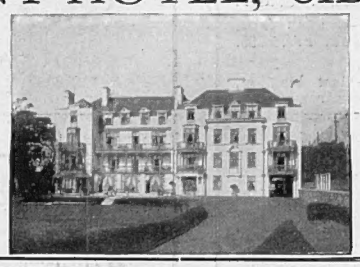

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

(See also 3rd page of Cover)

P., Sudan (Dalmatia).—As you will be travelling from Alexandria you need not go to Trieste first in order to reach the Dalmatian coast. You can go by Lloyd-Triestino Line to Piraeus and then by the Jugoslav Line through the Gulf of Corinth to either Kotor or Dubrovnik. There is a weekly service leaving Piraeus at noon on Sundays, arriving in Kotor on Tuesday morning and Dubrovnik on Tuesday evening. The trip is quite interesting as the steamer puts into port for several hours at Corfu and Hercegnovi. You could also cross from Alexandria to Brindisi, make the sixty-nine miles journey to Bari by train, and cross from there to the Dalmatian coast, there being a service from Bari to Dubrovnik every Monday, the crossing taking only a few hours.

L., Cheshire (Ireland).—Four good centres for your month's holiday on the coast of Donegal would be Killybegs, from which you can explore the Slieve League district, Portnoo, a delightful little village, with excellent walks in every direction, Dunfanaghy on the north coast of Donegal, and either Dungloe or Burtonport, both of which are conveniently situated for visiting Aran and the many other islands which lie off this part of the coast of Donegal.

M., Perth (English Lake District).—Keswick and Ambleside are the two best centres for touring the Lake District. You would like the Keswick Hotel at Keswick, which is situated in large grounds on a hill overlooking the town.

G., London.—As you wish to stay in the country, within easy reach of Dublin, we suggest you visit Lucan Spa, which is situated in the beautiful Liffey Valley, eight miles from Dublin. Here you would like the National Spa and Hydro Hotel.

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

D., Lancs. (Italy).—Alassio, which is situated on the Italian Riviera, fifty-seven miles west of Genoa, has an exceptionally good beach and would be an ideal holiday resort for young children. The beach of fine sand is about two miles long and shelves gently seaward, the water for some distance beyond the margin being shallow. You would find many Italian families there during the summer months. The Grand Hotel Mediterranée there faces the sea, and has its own bathing establishment.

N., (Germany).—The return 2nd class fare from London to Heidelberg via Harwich – Flushing and Cologne is £5 19s. 9d., which includes the 60 per cent. reduction granted by the German railways on condition that one spends at least seven days in the country. Passengers may, if they wish, travel down the Rhine by steamer from Cologne to Mainz, and we would advise you to take advantage of this facility as the beauties of the Rhine are best seen from the steamer. We suggest the Hotel Comoedienhof in Cologne and the Hotel Europe in Heidelberg.

F., Bucks. (France).—The return 2nd class fare from London to Villefranche via Boulogne-Calais and Paris is £11 10s. 4d., this being a special thirty-day holiday fare, with outward travel limited to Saturday or Monday, the return journey being made on any day within the validity of the ticket. There is a day train from Paris to the Riviera, leaving the Gare de Lyon at 8.5 a.m., arriving in Villefranche at 11.45 the same evening.

P., (Yorks).—The *Atlantis* of the Royal Mail Line is making a most interesting cruise on September 28, which includes a trip up the Dalmatian coast. Calls will be made at Vigo, Gibraltar, Naples, Kotor, Dubrovnik, Algiers and Lisbon. The fare for this eighteen days' cruise ranges from 30 guineas. The *Homeric* of the Cunard White Star Line is also making an eighteen days' cruise to Dalmatia on September 7, Italian ports and Malta being included in the itinerary. The fare ranges from 30 guineas.

Hints to Travellers

HOLIDAYS IN NEWFOUNDLAND FOR ANGLERS—AND OTHERS

Anglers will be interested to learn of the "all-in" fishing holidays which are arranged by the Furness Line in conjunction with the Newfoundland Government Tourist Bureau. For the reasonable sum of £65 one can enjoy a most delightful twenty-five to twenty-eight days' holiday which embraces twelve days cabin-class accommodation for the combined outward and homeward voyages, all hotel accommodation in Newfoundland and fishing licence and Transportation tax. Newfoundland offers the angler excellent sport, for the waters of the interior are stocked with game fish of several varieties, especially salmon and trout, while the coastal waters insure thrilling deep-sea fishing. The fishing season extends from January 15 to September 15, the best months being June, July, and August. Britain's oldest colony has much scenic charm to attract the visitor, for it is a country of mountains and forests, lakes and ponds, with a wild and beautiful coast line, the bays sometimes extending inland for a distance of from thirty to fifty miles. For those who are not interested in fishing an extremely attractive holiday can be arranged by making the round trip in the steamer. In this case opportunities are afforded of visiting both Canada and the United States and for the cabin-class fare of £44 10s. passengers may continue to live on board while the ship is in the different ports.

At the Service of Our Readers

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

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